Frankfort, Ky.
1st January, 1896.

J. N. Stearns:

My Dear Sir:

I would fain have you think I could receive any Courtesy I more highly value any Token of the friendship of Albert Pike for I do love his memory dear I speak a kindly remembrance of every one who professes kindly feelings towards his memory. With this like behavior as I feel sure I can reward you this Volume out of the many remembrances I have from one of the truest devoted friends God ever gave man, nothing daring to his friendship

With high esteem

Yours Truly

Fayette Hewitt

Washington
14th March 1872.

Dear Hewitt:

Please accept this little volume, and with it my kindest wishes and assurances of affectionate esteem.

I had it printed for a few friends, not caring to publish it for the world at large, fearing criticism of a work so entirely Private; but wishing that those I love should have something more to remember me by and by.

Faithfully your friend

Albert Pike

Copy. Fayette Hewitt.

Hymns to the Gods

AND

OTHER POEMS.

ALBERT PIKE.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

Hymns to the Gods.

No. 1.

TO HĒRA.

I.

Mother of Gods! devoutly we incline
Our willing knees before thy holy shrine,
Where Imbrasus runs seaward, strong and swift,
Through the green plains of Samos. Lo! we lift
Gladly to thee our many-voiced strain,
Sung never to thy Majesty in vain.
The day wears on; the expanding sun stoops low;
While, in the east, thy Messenger's bent bow
Gladdens the eyes of eager worshippers.
A soft, sweet wind thy garlands lightly stirs,
Where thy loved flowers, dear Queen of Heaven, Divine!
White lilies with the dittany entwine,
And the gay poppy. Wilt thou deign to hear
Our solemn chant—loud, earnest, and sincere—
And grant our prayer? Come from Olympus down,
In regal glory, with thy starry crown,
And sceptre flashing with great gems, whereon
Thy cuckoo broods! Let not the reluctant sun
Dip in the sea, before our glad eyes greet
The distant glitter of thy snowy feet,

Sandalled with ivory,
That shame the fairest of our green isle's daughters,
And flash upon the undulating sea,
Like rays of star-light on a blue meer's slumbering waters!

II.

Power, Empire, Virtue,—these are of thy gift;
Inspired by thee, low men their eyes uplift,
As hawks to the sun, and aim at high estate,
And reach it; while the mighty and the great,
Toppling like towers, fall headlong. By thee urged,
Men in the sloughs of wretchedness immerged
Arm them anew with courage resolute,
Bear pain and evil with endurance mute,
And grow divine in virtuous fortitude.
Woman, by thee with constancy endued,
In ill report and evil fortune clings
More closely to her husband's side, and brings
Her lovely patience ever to his aid
In the world's fierce trials. Power and Empire fade,
And are dissolved like a thin April cloud;
But Virtue is immortal. Men have bowed
A thousand years before thy lofty shrines,
Clamoring for Power; but rarely one inclines,
In prayer for Virtue, Truth, and Constancy,
Before thine altars the obsequious knee.

We, prostrate at thy feet,
Of these—the only true and priceless treasure—
Do humbly and beseechingly entreat
Thy Majesty benign to grant us ample measure.

III.

Where tarriest thou, Cithæronæa, now?—
Perhaps, upon some mountain's regal brow—
Cyllene or Oromedon—inclined,
No cares of state disturbing thy great mind,
Thou gazest on our lovely Grecian isles,
Along whose shores the tranquil ocean smiles,
Serene as thou: around thee hoary firs
Swing their tall heads, and many an old beech stirs,
And, dreaming, murmurs, and the grave oaks spread
Their leafy limbs; and, watching overhead,
Thy kingly hawk, scarce moving his wide wings,
Rocked by the mountain-breezes, idly swings.
Perhaps in some secluded, shady nook,
On the green margin of a happy brook,
Lulled by its music into tranquil sleep,
While thy young Nymphs demurely round thee keep
Their patient vigil. In whatever spot
Of rarest beauty,—cave, lawn, dell, or grot,
Cool glade, deep vale, or silver-sanded shore,
Or river-bank shaded with sycamore,—

Hearken, oh, lovely Queen!
To the loud echo of our plaintive voices:
Approach us while the laughing Earth is green,
And the young Spring in buds and golden flowers rejoices.

IV.

Oh, Queen! beloved of all the laughing Hours,
Let snowy-shouldered Hebe, crowned with flowers,
Before the rising of the evening-star,
Harness the peacocks to thy jewelled car:
Leave, for a time, the mighty Thunderer's side,
And thy swift birds let dextrous Iris guide
To our fair shore. Stay not thy flashing wheels
On the dark Euxine, ploughed with many keels,
Or where the vexed Propontis hoarsely swells;
In Cos, or Naxos, or the Arcadian dells:
Come, Heaven's wonder! come to our island, first;
Where thou wast born, and by the Seasons nursed!
By those sweet hours when all thy virgin charms
Were first encircled by Jove's mighty arms,—
When thy large eyes, magnificently bright,
Looked into his with soft and loving light,
And, on his breast hiding thy blushing face,
Thou hadst no peer in loveliness and grace,—
By those sweet hours, come! while the sun yet slides
Down the sky's slant, and bless these innocent brides,

Who watch the western sky,
Their breasts with fear and rapture palpitating:
Come! thou, who must their virgin zones untie,
Lest they despairing weep, and faint with longer waiting.

1845.

No. 2.

TO POSEIDŌN.

I.

God of the mighty deep! wherever now
The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow;
Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-winged and wild,
Trample the storm-vexed waters round them piled,
Swift as the lightning-flashes that reveal
The quick gyrations of each massive wheel,—
While round and under thee, with hideous roar,
The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging sore,
Thundering like antique Chaos in his spasms,
In heaving mountains and deep-yawning chasms,
Fluctuates endlessly; while through the gloom,
Their glossy sides and thick manes flecked with foam,
Career thy coursers, neighing with mad glee,
In fierce response to the tumultuous sea:—

Whether they tread the sounding sands below,
Among wrecked ships, where the green sea-plants grow,
Broad-leaved, and sighing with eternal motion
Over the pale, cold tenants of the ocean:
Oh, come! our lofty altars for thee stand,
Smoking with incense, on the level strand.

II.

Perhaps with loose rein now thy horses roam
Over the Adriatic. No salt foam
Stains their fine limbs, but softly, leisurely,
They tread with silver feet that still, calm sea,
Fanning the waters with their floating manes,
That gleam like mist in sunshine; while shrill strains
From clamorous trumpets round thy chariot ring,
And green-robed sea-gods praising thee, their king,
Chaunt loudly; while Apollo bends his gaze
Lovingly on thee, and his soft, clear rays
Tame thy wild coursers' eyes. The air feels warm
On the sea's forehead, where the cold, harsh storm
So lately thundered, and the rebel winds
That Æolus in cave and den now binds,
Beat their broad wings. Perhaps long leagues below
Thou sleepest in green caves, where sea-flowers glow
Brighter than sapphires: many a monster cumbers
The sand around thee; aged Triton slumbers

Care-free and still; and glad, sweet, bright eyes peep
From many a nook, watching thy dreamless sleep.

III.

Perhaps thou art resting on some Indian isle,
Under a broad, thick tree, where, many a mile.
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands,
Piled in fantastic shapes by Naiads' hands;
Where the small waves come coyly, one by one,
And curl upon the beach, like molten gold,
Thick-set with jewellery rare and old.
Sea-nymphs sit near, and with small delicate shells
Make thee such melody, as in deep dells,
Of a May-night, is by the Fairies made,
When, frolicking within some sober shade,
They sound their silver flutes, soft, faint, and sweet,
In strange but exquisite tunes; and delicate feet
Dance softly on the grass-blades gemmed with dew,
That bend, not break: all wanton airs that blew
So lately through the spice-trees, hover there,
With overladen wings that loan to the air
Wealth of perfume. Oh! wilt thou not arise,
And come with them to our new sacrifice?

1829.

NO. 3.

TO DĒMĒTĒR.

I.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,
And echo in its heart, each young green blade
Springs, wondering, into life; the dull, gray glade
Is liveried with new grass,—from each chill hole,
Where they had nestled, dumb, and dull of soul,
The glad birds come, and sing for joy to thee,
Among the thronging leaves; and fast and free
The rivers run, crushing their icy chains,
Broken by thee and by thine April rains,
Through green glad valleys: Thou who chiefly art
The Goddess of all beauty,—thou whose heart
Is ever in the sunny meads and fields,—
To whom the laughing earth looks up, and yields
Her choicest treasures: Thou, that in thy car,
Drawn by winged dragons, when the morning star
Sheds his cool light, dost touch the budding trees,
And all their blossoms woo the trembling breeze;
Oh! pour thy light
Of truth and joy upon our souls to-night,
And grant to us great plenty and sweet ease!

II.

Benignant Goddess of the rustling corn!
Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
Bind up gigantic sheaves of full-eared wheat;
While innocent maids, with little, dancing feet,
Bring thee gay poppies, weave for thee a crown
Of modest flowers, and gracefully bend down
To garland thy full baskets; at whose side,
Among the sheaves, young Bacchos loves to ride,
With bright, clear, sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
All wine-stained in the glad and sunny south!
Perhaps ye ride among the leafy vines,
While round thy neck one rosy arm he twines,
And with the other hand still gathers up
And presses the plump grapes, and holds the cup
To thy loved lips, then throws aside the wine,
And crowns thee with the green leaves of the vine,
Kisses thy brow, thy mouth, thine eyes most bright
With love and joy. If those dear eyes now light
Some favored hill
Of vine-clad Thrace, oh! come, while all is still,
And with them bless the coming of this night!

III.

Lo! the small stars rise from the silver ocean,
And wander up the sky. A sweet emotion

Stirs the white bosoms of the thin, soft clouds;
And the light mist, that the gray hills enshrouds,
Gleams like a rain of diamonds in the air.
Lo! a soft blush of light is rising there,
Like silver shining through a tint of red;
And soon the queenly moon her love will shed
Like pearl-mist on the islands and the sea,
Which thou wilt cross to view our mystery.
Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
Where incense with delicious odor burns,
On altars piled with glowing fruit, as sweet
And ripe as thy sweet lips; with yellow wheat,
Flowers gathered while the Dawn lay half-asleep,
And Indian spices: patiently we keep
Our earnest watch for thee, bending before
Thy waiting altars, till to our fair shore
Thy chariot-wheels
Shall roll, while Ocean to the burden reels,
And utters to the sky a stifled roar.

1830.

No. 4.

TO DIONUSOS.

I.

Where art thou, Dionusos? On the hills
Of some fair land afar, where sweet wine fills
The clustered grapes, dost stain thy ripe lips red
With rich old juice, that men long ages dead—
Thy votaries—pressed and hid? Dost thou hold up
'Twixt thee and the sun thy jewel-cinctured cup,
With luminous rubies brimmed? Or doth thy car,
Lit by the blaze of the far northern star,
Roll over Thracia's hills, while all around
Shout thy mad bacchanals, and rings the sound
Of merry revelry, and distant men
Start at thy clamor? Or in some cool glen
Reclinest thou, under dark ivy leaves,
Idling the day off, while each mad Faun weaves
Gay garlands for thee, sipping a great bowl
Of stout, strong wine; and the dismaying roll
Of thy all-conquering wheels no more is heard,
But thy strong tigers, with no fierce dream stirred,
Crouch at thy feet?
Iacchos! come to meet
Thy worshippers, that here with merry word
Of olden song thy godhead long to greet.

II.

Oh, thou who lovest pleasure! at whose heart
Wine's warmth is always felt; who takest part
In all mad, wanton mirth; who in the dance
Of merry maidens joinest, where the glance
Of bright black eyes, and twinkling of white feet,
Of lovely girls delights thee, when they meet
Under the summer moon!—Giver of peace
To all careworn, sad men!—whose smiles make cease
The piercing pains of grief; for whom young maids
Weave ivy garlands, and in pleasant glades
Hang up thine image, and, with happy looks,
Go dancing round, while shepherds, with long crooks,
Join the glad company, and glide about
With merry laugh and many a hearty shout,
Staining with rich dark grapes each little cheek
That most they love; and then, with sudden freak,
Seizing the willing hand, and dancing on
About the green mound:—Oh, thou merry son
Of supreme JOVE!
Wherever thou dost rove,
Among the thick vines, come, ere day is done,
And let us too thy sunny influence prove.

III.

Where art thou, CONQUEROR!—before whom fell
The jewelled kings of Ind, when the strong swell

Of thy great multitudes came on them, and
The mystic thursos in thy red right hand
Was shaken over them, till every soul
Grew faint, as smit with lightning; when the roll
Of thy great chariot-wheels was on the neck
Of mighty potentates; till thou didst check
Thy tigers and wild lynxes on the shore
Of the Indian sea, and still its angry roar
With sparkling and delicious Grecian wine
Poured on its waters, till the contented brine
Gave forth new odors, and a pleasant scent
Of rare perfume; and haggard men, all spent
With long, sharp sickness, drank in life anew,
When the rich sea-breeze through their lattice blew.
Bacchos! who tramplest Care with thy soft feet,
Oh, hither turn thy tigers, strong and fleet,
And light our happy isles
With the radiance of thy smiles!
Come, with thy hair dewy with wine, and meet
Those who, for thee, have trod the weary miles.

IV.

Come to our ceremony! Lo, we rear
An altar of green turf, the sea-beach near,
And garland it with vine-shoots, and the leaf
Of glossy ivy. Come! and chase all grief

Far from us! Lo! upon the turf we pour
Full cups of wine, till all along the shore
Eddies the luscious odor. See! a mist
Is rising from the wine-stained turf—(Ah, hist!—
Alas! 'twas not his cry!)—Come with thy train
Of riotous Satyrs, pouring forth a strain
Of utmost shrillness on the noisy pipe.
Come, with thine eye and lip of beauty ripe
And wondrous rare, and let us hear thy wheels
Rolling along the hills, while twilight steals
Quietly up, and dusky sober Night
Is hindered from her star-track by the light
Of thy wild tigers' eyes! Cross the calm sea
With all thy mad and merry company!
The stars shall wax and wane,
And ere day comes again,
We'll wander over hill and vale with thee,
Sending afar a loudly joyous strain.

1829.

No. 5.

TO APHRODITÉ.

I.

Oh, thou most lovely and most beautiful!—
Wherever cooingly thy white doves lull
Thy bright eyes to soft slumber; whether on
The truant south-wind floating, or if gone
To some still cloud, in dreamy sleep that swings,
And there reclining, while its snowy wings
Blush into crimson: whether thy delicate wheels,
Over green sward that scarce the pressure feels,
Brush the bright dewdrops from the bending grass,
Leaving the poor, green blades to look, alas!
With dim eyes at the moon,—(Ah! so dost thou
Dim other eyes and brighter!)—whether now
Thou floatest over the sea, while each white wing
Of thy fair doves is wet, and sea-maids bring
Sweet odours for thee,—(Ah! how foolish they!
They have not felt thy smart,
They know not, while in ocean-caves they play,
How cruel and strong thou art!)

II.

Hear, Aphroditè! Hear our rustic song!
Kind Venus, hear! for unto thee belong
All pleasant offerings; ring-doves coo to thee,
While they entwine their arch'd necks lovingly,
Among the murmuring leaves; thine are all sounds
Of pleasure on the earth; and where abounds
Most happiness, for thee we surely look.—
In the dusk depths of some leaf-shaded nook
Thou hidest frequently, where soft winds wave
Thy sunny curls, and cool airs fondly lave
Thy radiant brow, and ruffle the delicate wings
Of thy tired doves; where his quaint love-tale sings,
With small, bright eyes, some little, strange, sweet bird,
In notes that never but by thee are heard.—
In some such spot dreaming thou liest now,
And with half-open eye,
Drinkest in beauty. Fairest of heaven, do thou
Hear kindly our faint cry!

III.

Oh, thou! from whom all things upon this earth
Take light and life; for whom even laughing Mirth
Doubles his glee; thou, whom the joyous bird
Continually sings; whose name is heard

In every pleasant noise; at whose warm glance
All things look brighter; for whom wine doth dance
More merrily within the agate vase,
To meet thy lip; glimpsing at whose sweet face,
Joy leaps on faster, with a clearer laugh,
And Sorrow flings into the sea his staff,
And tossing back the hair from his dim eyes,
Looks up again to long-forgotten skies;
While Avarice forgets to count his gold,
And even offers thee his wealth untold,
Dear as his heart's blood. Thou to whose high might
All things are glad to bow,
Come unto us, and with thy looks of light,
Bless and console us now!

IV.

Hear us, great Goddess! Thou whom all obey!
At whose sweet will rough Satyrs leave their play,
And gather wild-flowers to adorn the hair
Of the young nymphs, and nuts and berries bear
To those they fancy most. Hear, thou, to whom
They leap in awkward mood through the dusk gloom
Of darkening oak-trees, or at sunny noon
Play unto thee, on their rude pipes, a tune
Of wondrous languishment! Thou, whose great power
Brings up young sea-maids from each ocean-bower,

With many an idle song to sing to thee,
And bright locks floating mist-like o'er the sea,
And glancing eyes, as if in distant caves
They spied their lovers,—(so along blue waves
Small bubbles flit, mocking the genial sun ;)—
Let cares no more oppress
Thy servitors! but, ere our feast is done,
Our new loves kindly bless!

V.

Oh, thou who once didst weep, and with sad tears
Bedew the pitying woods! by those great fears
That haunted thee when young Adonis lay
With dark eyes drowned in death ;—by that dull day
That saw him, wounded, fall, with many a moan,
On the dead leaves, and sadly and alone
Breathe out his life ;—deign thou to look upon
All maidens who for too great love grow wan,
And pity them! Come to us when Night brings
Her first faint stars ; and let us hear the wings
Of thy most beautiful and bright-eyed doves,
Fanning the breathless air. Let all the Loves
Fly round thy chariot, with sweet, low songs
Murmuring upon their lips. Come! each maid longs
For thy fair presence, Goddess of sweet Love!
Float through the odorous air,
And, as thy light wheels roll, from us remove
Sadness and love-sick care.

VI.

Lo! we have many kinds of incense here,
To burn to thee ; wine as the sunshine clear,
Fit for young Bacchus ; flowers we have here, too,
Gathered by star-light, when the morning dew
Was fresh upon them ; myrtle-wreaths we bear,
To place upon thy bright, luxuriant hair,
And shade thy temples. 'Tis the proper time
For all fair beauty. Thou, who lovest the clime
Of our dear isle, where roses bud and blow
With honey in their bosoms, and a glow
Like thine own cheek, lifting their modest heads,
To be refreshed with the transparent beads
Of diamond dew, paling the young moon's rays,—
Our altars burn for thee, and on the blaze
We pour rich incense from great golden vases.
Dear Goddess! hear our words,
And hither urge, circled with all the Graces,
Thy team of snow-winged birds!

1829.

No. 6.

TO APOLLŌN.

I.

Bright-haired Apollōn! Thou that ever art
A blessing to the world! whose generous heart
Aye overflows with love and light and life!
Thou, at whose glance all things on earth are rife
With happiness! to whom, in early Spring,
Flowers lift their heads, whether they laughing cling
To the steep mountain's side, or in the vale
Timidly nestle! Thou, to whom the pale,
Chill, weary Earth looks up, when Winter flees,
With patient gaze, and the storm-shattered trees
Put forth fresh leaves, and drink deep draughts of light,
Poured from thy glittering front! Thou, in whose bright
And dazzling rays, the eagle feeds his eye
With flashing fire, and far, far up on high
Screams out his haughty joy! By all the names
And the high titles that thy Godhead claims,—
Phœbus, or Clarius, golden-haired Apollo,
Cynthius, or Pythius,—cease, for a time, to follow
The fleeing Night, and hear
Our hymn to thee, and smilingly draw near!

II.

Most exquisite poet! Thou, whose great heart's swell
Pours itself out on mountain, lawn, and dell!
Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet,
And make them for the Painter's use complete;
Inspired by whom the Poet's eyes perceive
Great beauty everywhere,—in the slow heave
Of the unquiet sea, or in the roar
Of its resounding waters,—on the shore
Of pleasant streams,—in the dark, jagged rift
Of savage mountains, where the black clouds drift,
Flushed with swift lightning,—on the broad, dark brow
Of silent Night, that solemnly and slow
Walks up the sky. Oh, thou, whose influence
Tinges all things with beauty, makes each sense
Double delight, and clothes with a delicate grace
All that is young and fair; while all the base
Flits far, like darkness!—thou that art in truth
Incarnate lordliness, hear! while our youth
With earnest yearning cry;
Answer our hymn, and come to us, Most High!

III.

In quaint disguise, with wondrous grace and fire,
Often thou makest, on thy golden lyre,
Exquisite music, on smooth, sunny glades,
Where on the greensward dance the village maids,

Their hair adorned with wild-flowers, or a wreath
Of thine own laurel; while, reclined beneath
Some ancient oak, thou smilest at these elves,
As though thou wert all human like themselves.
Sometimes thou playest in the darkening wood,
While Fauns glide forth, in dance grotesque and rude,
Flitting among the trees with awkward leap,
Like their god, Pan; and from fir-thickets deep
Come up the Satyrs, joining the mad crew,
And capering for thy pleasure. From each yew,
And beech, and oak, the wood-nymphs shyly peep,
To see the revelry; and from its sleep
The cheerful laughter wakes the startled wood,
And music cheers its dusk, deep solitude.
Oh, come, and let the sound
Of thy sweet lyre eddy our isle around!

IV.

Great Seer and Prophet! Thou that teachest men
The deepest-hidden lore, and from his den
Dost pluck the Future, so that he floats by
In visible shape, apparent to the eye,
But robed with visions: thou, in whose high power
Are health and sickness: thou who oft dost shower
Great plagues on impious nations, with hot breath
Withering their souls, and raining sudden death

Like fiery mist among them; or, again,
Like the sweet breeze after a summer rain,
That thrills the earth like love, thou sendest out
Health, like a lovely child, that goes about,
With soft, white feet, among the sick and weak,
Kissing with rosy lip each poor pale cheek,
Shaking perfume from its white wings, and through
The shrivelled heart stirring the blood, anew
To fill the abandoned veins. Oh, thou, whose name
Is hymned by all, let us too dare to claim
Thy holy presence here!
Hear us, bright God, and lend a gracious ear!

V.

Hear us! Thou master of the springing bow,
Who lovest in the gloomy woods to throw
Thine arrows to the mark, like the keen flight
Of those that fill the universe with light,
From the sun's quiver shot! From whom grim bears
And lordly lions flee, timid as hares,
To hide among safe mountains! Thou, whose cry
Sounds in the autumn woods, where whirl and fly
The brown dry leaves,—when with his riotous train
Bacchus is on the hills, and on the plain
The full-armed Ceres; when upon the sea
The brine-gods blow their shells, and laughingly

The broad world rings with glee. Then thy clear voice
Stills into silence every truant noise,
Pealing with utmost sweetness on the hills,
And in the echoes of the dancing rills,
Over the sea and on the sounding plain,
And eddying air, until all voices wane
Before its influence:
Draw near, great God, before the day goes hence!

VI.

By that most fatal day, when with a cry
Young Hyacinth fell down, and his dark eye
Was dimmed with blood,—when, dying, on a bed
Of his own flowers he laid his wounded head,
Breathing great sighs; by those heart-cherished eyes
Of long-loved Hyacinth, by all the sighs
That then, oh, young Apollo, thou didst pour
On every gloomy hill and desolate shore,
Weeping away thy soul, and making dull
Thine eyes with eclipse, till the chilled earth was full
Of sad forebodings, for thy radiance dimmed;
Prayers by pale priests in many a fane were hymned
To the pale-eyed Sun; the frightened Satyrs strayed
Long in dark woods, and then to the chill glade
Came to lament that thou wast still unkind;
Poor Dian wept for love, and plained and pined

For light and life: by that most fearful grief,
Oh! bright Apollo, hear, and grant relief
To us who cry to thee!
And let us, ere we die, thy glory see!

1829.

No. 7.

TO ARTEMIS.

I.

Most graceful Goddess! whether now thy feet
Pursue the dun deer to their deep retreat
In the heart of some old wood, or on the side
Of some high mountain; where, most eager-eyed,
Thou dashest on the chase, with bended bow,
And arrow at the string, a wondrous glow
Of exquisite beauty on thy cheek, and feet
White as the silver moon, graceful and fleet
As her soft rays,—with quiver at thy back
Rattling to all thy steppings. If some track

In far=off Thessaly thou followest up,
Brushing the dew from many a flower's full cup,
With head bent forward, harking to the bay
Of thy good hounds, while in the deep woods they,
Strong=limbed and swift, leap on with eager bounds,
And from far hills their long, deep note resounds,
Thy sweetest music: Goddess, hear our cry,
And let us worship thee, while far and high
Climbs up thy brother,— while his light falls full
Upon the earth,—for when the night=winds lull
The world to sleep, then to the lightless sky
Dian must glide, with robes of silver dew
And sunward eye!

II.

Perhaps thou hiest to some shady spot
Among broad trees, while frightened beasts hear not
The clamor of thy hounds; there, dropping down
Upon green grass and leaves all sere and brown,
Thou pillowest thy delicate head upon
Some ancient, mossy root, where soft winds run
Riot about thee, and thy fair Nymphs point
Thy death=winged arrows, or thy hair anoint
With Lydian odors; and thy strong hounds lie
Lazily on the ground, and watch thine eye,

And watch thine arrows, while thou hast a dream.
Perhaps in some deep=bosomed, shaded stream
Thou bathest now, where even the loving Sun
Catches no glimpse of thee; where shadows on
The water's dusk collect, and make it cool,
Like the wind=chilled wide sea, or some clear pool
Deep in a cavern; hanging branches dip
Their ringlets in the stream, or slowly drip
With tear=drops of clear dew: before no eyes
But those of flitting wind=gods, each nymph hies
Into the deep, cool, rippling stream, and there
Thou pillowest thyself upon its breast,
Oh, Queen, most fair!

III.

By all thine hours of pleasure!—when thou wast
Upon tall Latmos, moveless, tranced, and lost
In boundless pleasure, ever gazing on
Thy bright-eyed youngster; when the absent sun
Was lighting remote seas, or at mid=noon
Careering through the sky! By every tune
And voice of joy that thrilled about the chords
Of thy great heart, when on it fell his words,
In that cool, shady nook, where thou hadst brought
And placed Endymion;—where fair hands had taught
All beauty to shine forth; where thy young maids
Had brought rare shells for thee, and from the glades

All starry flowers, with precious stones, and gems
Of utmost beauty, pearly diadems
Of ancient sea-gods: birds were there, that sang
And carolled ever; living waters rang
Their changes at all times, to soothe the soul
Of thy Endymion; pleasant breezes stole
With light feet through the nook, that they might kiss
His dewy lips. Ah! by those hours of bliss,
Worth a whole life in heaven, come to us, fair
And beautiful Diana! Take us under
Thy gentle care.

1829.

No. 8.

TO ARÉS.

I.

Great War-God! mighty Arés! Hear our hymn,
Sung to thee in the wood-recesses dim
Of dusky Caria, near the Icarian wave!—
When war's red storms in lurid fury rave,
And the fierce billows of his hungry tide
Over the groaning land sweep far and wide;—

When his thick legions, clad in gleaming steel,
And bristling thick with javelins, madly reel
In desperate conflict;—when the mighty roar
Peals upward, shaking heaven's great golden floor,
Even as the tumult of the maddened sea
Shakes granite towers;—when Fear, and Agony,
And Desperation, riot, hand-in-hand,
And Fire and Famine waste the lean, lank land:—
Then thou, rejoicing, ragest through the field;
Like mountain-thunder clangs thy brazen shield;
Thy falchion, like the lightning, flashes far;
The frightened Earth, under thy sounding car,
(Whirled swiftly by thy brazen-footed steeds,
Flight and mad Terror), shuddering, quakes and shivers;
And ever, as the war's red surge recedes,
Brooks swelled with blood run downward to red rivers.

II.

Turn thy wild coursers from our lovely land!
Let not their hoofs trample our golden strand!
Shake not thy spear above our fruitful hills,
Nor turn to blood the waters of our rills!
Crush not our flowers with thy remorseless wheels,
Nor let our grain be trod with armèd heels,
That the poor starve! Let not thy sister ride,
With Pestilence and Famine, by thy side;

But come with Venus in thy nervous arms
Enfolded, radiant with a thousand charms,—
Her lovely head leaned on thy massive chest,
Her sweet eyes soothing into placid rest
Thy fiery passions; while her doves glide through
The sparkling atmosphere. Bring with thee, too,
Thy lovely children, at their mother's side;—
Eros, whose form expands, and wings grow wide,
When his sweet brother, Anteros, is near,
The God of tenderest love, and faith sincere;—
With fair Harmonia clinging to thy neck,
And mingling music with her glad caresses;
While the young Graces hover round, and deck
With dew=enjewelled flowers thy loved one's golden tresses.

III.

Let thy harsh wheels roll through Abarimon,
Where Mount Imæus glitters in the sun,
Throned like a king, in solitary state:
Make there more rugged and more desolate
The frozen Scythian wildernesses; grind
To dust the Indian rocks, and like the wind
Drive thy fleet coursers through the Persian plains,
And over Bactria's barbarous domains;
But spare the isles of our beloved Greece,
And leave them sleeping tranquilly in peace.

Here, under an old, stately, branching oak,
Thine altar sendeth to the clouds its smoke,
Whereon the wolf and hungry vulture bleed,
The magpie, and the bold and generous steed.
We bow in adoration at thy shrine,
Dark=bearded God, majestic and divine!
Our incense, burning, loads the eddying air,
And thy Cytheris joins us in our prayer.
Wilt thou not listen kindly to the strain
Which now around our vine=clad hills is pealing?
For when did Beauty ever sue in vain,
Even in his sternest mood meekly to Valor kneeling?

1845.

No. 9.

TO PALLAS.

I.

Hear, blue=eyed Pallas! Eagerly we call,
Entreating thee to our glad festival,
Held in the sunny morning of the year,
On this our rosy isle, to thee most dear.
Thine altar, builded by young maidens' hands,
Near the Carpathian's sparkling water stands,

Upon the slant and sunny Rhodian shore,
Gracing the green lawn's undulating floor,
Walled in with trees, which, sweeping wide around,
Rampart the precincts of the holy ground.
Myriads of roses, flushing full in bloom,
Send to far Caria surge of rich perfume,
Like the glad incense of our prayer, which floats
Up to the trembling stars. The ringing notes
Of silver flutes roll through the echoing woods,
Startling the Fauns in their shy solitudes.
A hundred boys, each fairer than a girl,
Over the greensward, clad in armor, whirl
In thy wild mystic dance. A hundred maids,
In white and gold, come from the dusky glades,—
The loveliest of our beauty-blessèd isle,—
Their small white feet gleaming like stars, that smile
In the dark azure of a moonless night.
They bear thy robe of pure and stainless white,
Sleeveless, embroidered richly with fine gold,
Whereon thy deeds are told,
Those, chiefly, done of old,
When, blazing in the van, thou didst the Giants fight.

II.

Brain-born of Zeus! Thou who dost give to men
Knowledge and wisdom; and hast brought again

Science and art, in renovated youth,
And taught fair Greece to love and seek the truth:
Thou to whom artist and artificer,
Fearing thy potent anger to incur,
Bend down beseechingly, and pray for aid,
In all the cunning mysteries of their trade;
Inspired by thee, young men, immersed in cells,
Drink deep of learning, at Time's ancient wells,
Forget that Beauty's starry eyes still shine,
And love Athena only, the Divine:
Old gray-haired sages pore on antique scrolls,
And feed with wisdom's oil their burning souls.
Inspired by thee, the prophet sees afar
The signs of peace, the portents of grim war;
Foretells the strange and wayward destinies
Of nations and of men, and when the skies
With genial rains will bless the husbandman,
Or vex the earth with hail. Thy favor can
The life of those well loved by thee prolong,
And make hoar Eld youthful again and strong.
Oh, come to us! while glittering with dew,
Young Day still crimsons the horizon's blue!
Come, Parthenos! to thy beloved home,
Nor longer idly roam,
Where hungry oceans foam,
Round barbarous continents and islands new.

III.

Oh, come not to us, clad in armor bright,
Intolerable unto mortal sight,
With flashing spear, and helm of blazing gold,
Crested with griffin=guarded sphynx! nor hold
Thine aegis, blazing with Medusa's eyes,
Wreathed with live serpents! Not in warlike guise,
As when against the Giants thou didst march,
With strong tread shaking earth and the sky's great arch,
Terrific in thy panoply of war,
Jove's lightning in thy right hand flashing far;
Till, struck with fear and overpowering dread,
Heaven's baffled adversaries howling fled!
Come in thy garb of peace, with kindly smile,
Breathing new beauty on thy flowery isle;
With mystic veil over thy dazzling brow,
And soft feet, whiter than the mountain=snow!
Come to us over the exulting sea,
From thy Tegaean shrine in Arcady;
Thy sacred dragon gliding o'er the waves,
While nymphs, emerging from deep ocean=caves,
Floating like stars upon the misty spray,
Carol around thee many a pleasant lay;
And Neptune, smiling grimly at the strain,
Gives thee glad welcome to his vast domain;

And Eolus bears incense from the shores,
Where the mad Ganges roars,
And his great torrent pours
I' th' Indian sea, and all the trees rich odors rain.

IV.

Thou who the daring Argonauts didst guide
Over the stormy sea's rebellious tide;
By Lemnos and by sunny Samothrace,
(Fair isles, that sit the waves with swan=like grace,)
By Troas and the dark Symplegades;
And send them, with a favorable breeze,
Through the wide Euxine into Colchis; hear!
Oh, Virgin Goddess! and come smiling near,
While here we wait upon the silver sands,
And stretch imploringly our suppliant hands!
Then shall our maidens, of long summer eves,
Embowered among the overshading leaves,
(While, taught of thee, their sweet task they fulfill,
Plying the distaff with a curious skill,)
Tell of the time, when, brighter than a star,
Approaching on the azure sea afar,
Thou didst our humble ceremonies bless,
And smile upon their budding loveliness,—
When new flowers sprang in every sunny vale,
New odors loaded every pleasant gale,

And whiter corn, and richer wine and oil,
Thenceforward paid the husbandman's glad toil;
And blander breezes, and serener skies
Thereafter blessed the isle. Oh, good and wise!
Oh, radiant Goddess! Shall this sacred day
Glide mournfully away,
Fading to evening gray,
And thou not deign to glad our anxious, longing eyes?

1845.

No. 10.

TO HERMES.

I.

Hear, white-winged Messenger! If thy swift feet
Loiter within Heaven's starry walls, where meet
The Gods, their nectar daintily to sip
At indolent leisure; where thy beardless lip
Utters such eloquence, that thine old foe,
Imperial Herē, doth her hate forego,

And hang entranced on thy sweet accents, while
Venus rewards thee with inviting smile,
And wise Athéné's cup stands foaming by,
Till thou hast ended;—whether, near the sky,
Among the palpitating stars thou soarest,
Or foldest thy bright pinions in some forest
That crowns an Asian mountain;—if thy wings
Fan the broad sea, where sultry Afric flings
His hot breath on the waters, by the shore
Of Araby the blest; or in the roar
Of crashing Northern ice:—oh, turn, and urge
Thy wingéd course to us! Leave the rough surge,
Or icy mountain-height, or city proud,
Or haughty temple, or dim wood, down-bowed
With weakening age,
And come to us, thou young and mighty Sage!

II.

Thou who invisibly dost ever stand
Near each high orator, and hand-in-hand
With golden-robed Apollo, touch the tongue
Of the rapt poet; on whom men have hung,
Strangely enchanted, when, in dark disguise,
Thou hast descended from cloud-curtained skies,
And lifted up thy voice to teach bold men
Thy world-arousing art! Oh thou, that when

The ocean was untracked, didst teach them send
Great ships upon it! Thou, who dost extend,
In storm or calm, protection to the hopes
Of the fair merchant! Thou, that on the slopes
Of Mount Cyllene first madest sound the lyre
And the delicious harp,—with childish fire
And magical beauty playing, in dark caves,
Marvellous tunes, unlike the ruder staves
That Pan had uttered; while each wondering Nymph
Came out from tree and mountain, and the lymph
Of mountain-stream, to drink each echoing note
That over the entrancéd woods did float,
With fine clear tone,
Like silver trumpets on a still lake blown.

III.

Thou matchless Artist! Thou, whose wondrous skill,
In ages past the earth's wide bounds did fill
With every usefulness! Thou, who dost teach
Quick-witted thieves the miser's gold to reach,
And rob him of his sleep for many a night,
Getting thee curses! Mischievous, mad sprite!
Young Rogue-God Mercury! ever glad to cheat
All Gods and men;—with mute and noiseless feet
Going in search of mischief; now to steal
The spear of Mars, now clog the fiery wheel

Of young Apollo's car, that it may crawl
Most slowly upwards! Thou, whom wrestlers call,
Whether they strive upon the level green,
At dewy nightfall, under the dim screen
Of ancient oaks, or at the sacred games,
In fiercer contest! Thou, whom each then names
In half-thought prayer, when the quick breath is drawn
For the last struggle! Thou, whom, on the lawn,
The victor praises, and ascribes to thee
His fresh-reaped honors! Let us ever be
Under thy care,
And hear, oh hear, our solemn, earnest prayer!

1829.

No. 11.

TO FLORA.

I.

Hear, lovely Chloris, while we sing to thee!
Thou restest now beneath some shady tree,

Near a swift brook, upon a mossy root.
All other winds with deep delight are mute,
While Eurus frolics with thy flowing hair,
A thousand odors floating on the air,
And rippling softly through the dewy green
Of the thick leaves, that murmuringly screen
Thy snowy forehead. Struggling through their mass,
The quivering sunlight snows upon the grass
In golden flakes. Round thee a thousand flowers,
Still glittering with the tears of Spring's light showers,
Offer the incense of their glad perfume
To thee, who makest them to bud and bloom,
With thy kind smile and influence divine.
Thine arms around young Zephyrus entwine,
And his round thee. With roses garlanded,
On his white shoulder rests thy lovely head;
Thy deep eyes gaze in his,
Radiant with mute, unutterable bliss,
And, happy there,
Oh, lovely, young, enamored pair,
Your rosy lips oft meet in many a long, warm kiss!

II.

Now the young Spring rejoices, and is glad,
In her new robes of starry blossoms clad;
The happy earth smiles like an innocent bride,
That sitteth, blushing, by her husband's side;

The bird her nest with earnest patience weaves,
And sings, delighted, hidden in the leaves;
From their high homes in cavernous old trees,
The busy legions of industrious bees
Drink nectar at each flower's enamelled brim,
Breathing in murmured music their glad hymn;
The Nereids come from their deep ocean-caves,
Deserting for a time the saddened waves;
The Dryads from the dusky solitudes,
Of venerable and majestic woods;
The Naiads from deep beech-embowered lakes;
The Oreads from where hoarse Thunder shakes
The iron mountains;—wandering through cool glades,
And blushing lawns, when first the darkness fades,
Before the crimsoning morn,
And ere the young Day's sapphire tints are gone,
In glad haste all,
Their lovers to enwreathe withal,
Gather the fresh-blown flowers, gemmed with the tears of dawn.

III.

Come, gentle Queen! we spill to thee no blood;
Thine altar stands where the gray, ancient wood,
Now green with leaves, and fresh with April rains,
In stately circle sweeping round, contains,

Embowered like a hill-environed dell,
A quiet lawn, whose undulations swell
Green as the sea-waves. Near a bubbling spring,
Whose waters, sparkling downward, lightly ring
On the small pebbles—round whose grassy lip
The birds and bees its crystal waters sip—
Thine altar stands, of shrubs and flowering vines,
Where rose with lily and carnation twines.
We burn to thee no incense. These fresh blooms,
Breathe on the air more exquisite perfumes,
Than all that press the overladen wind
That seaward floats from Araby to Ind.
No priests are here prepared for sacrifice,
But fair young girls, with mischievous, bright eyes,
With white flowers garlanded,
And by their young, delighted lovers led,
With frequent kisses,
And fond and innocent caresses,
To honor thee, the victim and the priest instead.

1845.

No. 12.

TO SOMNUS.

I.

Kind Comforter of all the weary Gods,
With drooping eyelids, head that ever nods!
Thou silent soother, that with all thy train
Of empty dreams, dim tenants of the brain,
Vague as the wind, dost sleep in thy dark cave,
At whose mouth sluggishly white poppies wave,
In the light airs that saunter by thy bed,—
Thine only throne, with darkness tenanted,
And curtains black as are the eyes of Night!—
Thou, who dost sleep, when wanes the reluctant light,
Deep in lone forests, where gray Evening hides,
Trembling at sight of the sun; and Shadow glides
Through silent tree-tops: or if, half-awake,
Thou dozest on the margin of some lake,
Land-locked, and still as the mute, cloudless sky;
While thy quaint Dreams, wayward and wanton, fly,
With mischievous pranks, fantastic tricks, mad mirth,
About the sluggard, Earth:

Oh, come, and hear the hymn that we are chanting,—
Here, where the shivered starlight through thick leaves is
slanting!

II.

Thou lover of the banks of idle streams,
Shadowed by broad old oaks, with scattered gleams
From moon and stars upon them;—of the ocean,
When its great bosom throbs with no emotion,
But the round moon hangs out her lamp, to pour
A sparkling glory on its level floor!
Thou, that reclinest on the moist, warm sands,
While winds come dancing from far southern lands,
With dreams upon their backs, and wings that reek
And drip with odors; or upon a peak
Of cloud, that, like a hill of chrysolite,
Leans on the western sky, when the bland night
Comes late in summer; or beneath the sea,
Scarce conscious of the dim monotony
Of the great waves, here murmuring like the wings
Of swarming dreams, while the huge ocean swings
His bulk above thy listless, heavy head!
(As, chained upon his bed,
A conquered Titan, with unconscious motion,—
Even so respiring swings the mute and sleeping ocean.)

III.

Thou who dost bless sad mourners with thy touch,
And make sharp Agony relax his clutch
Upon the bleeding fibres of the heart,
Pale Disappointment no more mope apart,
And Sorrow dry her tears, and cease to weep
Her life away, gaining new cheer in sleep!
Thou who dost bless the birds, at evening gray,
When, tired of singing all the summer day,
They, longing, watch to see the evening star,—
Thy herald,—on the sky's blue slope! Where are
Thy flocks of flitting dreams, dear God, to whom
All noise is most abhorred? Come to this gloom,
So cool, so fresh, where nought the silence stirs,
Except the murmur of the dreaming firs!
Touch our tired eyes! Make the dusk shades more dense!
Ah! here thou art! We feel thine influence,
Forget our hymn, and sink in sleep away;
And so, till new-born Day
Climbs high in heaven, with fire-steeds swiftly leaping,
Here we'll recline, beneath the vine-leaves calmly sleeping.

1830.

LATONA.

There was a sudden stir,
Ages ago, on the Ægean Sea.
With a loud cry, as of great agony,
The blue deep parted, and the angry roar
Of a great earthquake echoed round the shore;
The tortured waters, trembling, stood aghast;
Delos emerged, and anchored firm and fast
Among the Cyclades. At great Jove's will,
In one brief moment, valley, plain, and hill
Were carpeted with verdure, and great trees
Sprung to full stature, shaking in the breeze
Their limbs and leaves; and fruits, and buds, and flowers
Longed for the sunshine and the summer showers.
Pursued by Juno, poor Latona had
Till then been wandering, terrified and sad,
Round the great earth, and through the weltering seas,
Praying for mercy oft on bended knees,
But still denied. Many a weary day,
Above the shaggy hills, where, groaning, lay
Enceladus and Typhon, she had roamed,
And over volcanoes where lava foamed;

And sometimes in dark forests she had hid,
Where the lithe serpent through the long grass slid,
Over gray weeds and tiger-trampled flowers;
Where the grim lion couched in tangled bowers,
And the fierce panther, proud of his dappled skin,
Startled the woods with his deep, moaning din.
All things were there to terrify the soul;—
The hedgehog that across her path did roll,
Gray eagles, fanged like pards, old vultures bald,
Fierce hawks, and restless owls, whose hoot appalled;
Red scorpions, lurking under mossy stones,
And here and there great piles of rotting bones
Of the first men who won renown in wars;
Brass heads of arrows, javelins, scimetars,
Old crescent shield, and edgeless battle-axe;
Large yellow skulls, with wide and gaping cracks,
Too old and dry for worms to harbor in,—
Only the useless spider there did spin
His treacherous web.
Then would she stop, and lay
Her weary head among dead leaves, and pray
That she might die,—and fainting thus remain,
Pulseless, till thou, O Zeus! wouldest rise, and rain
Thy light upon her eyelids. Then the tide
Of life once more through her cold heart would glide,
Her soul grow strong, and once more fit to cope
With all her fate, and many a cheerful hope
Glow in her heart; then, O King Zeus! wouldst thou,

With the bright terrors of thy frowning brow,
Scare every hateful creature far away.
Then would she rise, fairer than rosy Day,
And through the tiger-peopled solitudes,
And odorous brakes, and panther-guarded woods,
Journey, until she reached the curving edge
Of the blue sea; and there, on some high ledge
Of porphyritic rock, sit long, and look
Into thine eye, nor fear that from some nook
The hideous shapes that haunted her would meet
Her startled eyes.

One day she cooled her feet
On a long, narrow beach. The encroaching brine
Had marked, as with an endless serpent-spine,
The hard, smooth sand with a long line of shells,
Like those the Nereids gather, in deep cells
Of the sea, for Thetis: such they pile around
The feet of cross old Nereus, having found
That this propitiates him; such they bring
To slippery Proteus as an offering,
When they would have him tell their destiny,
And what young God their first love is to be.
And there Latona paced along the sands,
Dreaming of journeys into unknown lands,
And persecutions to be suffered yet:
And when some wave, less shy than others, wet
Her rosy feet, she tingled as when Thou
Didst first thy lips press on her blushing brow.

Still she paced on over the firm, cool sand,
And the heaped shells, and, once or twice, would stand
And let her long, bright, golden tresses float
Over the waters. Lo! the threatening note
Of the fierce, hissing Dragon strikes her ear!
Startled, she shivers with a horrid fear,
And, mad with terror and insane despair,
Flees to the sea, and seeks destruction there.
But thy great Brother met her as she fell
Into the waves, and gave her power to dwell
Beneath the waters, like a Naiad, born
Within the sound of Triton's mellow shell,
That stills the waves. Then wandered she forlorn
Through many wonders:—coral-raftered caves,
Sunk far below the roar of clamorous waves;
Sea-flowers like masses of soft golden hair
Or misty silk; great shells, and fleshless spine
Of old Behemoth; flasks of hoarded wine,
Among the timbers of old, shattered ships;
Goblets of gold, that had not touched the lips
Of men a thousand years.

At length she lay,
Despairing, down, to weep her life away
On the sea's floor, alone;—and then it was
Thy mighty voice, the Deities that awes,
Lifted to light under fair Grecian skies
That lovely Cycladean Paradise,
And placed Latona there, when fast asleep,

With parted lips, and respiration deep,
And all unconscious. When, refreshed, she woke,
She lay beneath a tall, wide-branching oak,
Majestic, king-like,—from whose depths peeped out
All those shy birds whose instinct is to doubt
And fear mankind. Doves, with soft, patient eyes,
Did earnestly artistic nests devise,
Busy as bees under the sheltering leaves;—
Thrushes that love to house beneath mossed eaves;—
Merles, brought from the far Azores, with their clear,
Mellow, and fluty note;—the chaffinch, dear
To the rude Thuringian, for its mazy trills;—
The mountain-finch, from Shetland's rugged hills,
With its brown eyes, and neck of velvet-black;—
The sweet canary, yearning to flit back
To his own isles;—the small gold-crested wren,
Uttering its hurried trill of terror, when
Aught hostile came anear its elegant nest,
And pale-brown eggs;—the skylark, with his breast
Wet with the morning dews, who never sings
Upon the ground, but whose fine music rings
High in the heavens;—the golden oriole,
That mimics the rude flourishes which roll
From braying trumpets, with his flute-like notes;—
Affectionate redstarts, who, with mellow throats,
First hail the dawn;—song-throstles, bold and fond,
From Smyrna and from ancient Trebizond,
That sing in lofty tree-tops, at still noon,

A musical and melancholy tune;—
The happy bulfinch, with his modest song,
Low, soft, and sweet;—rose-ouzels, and a throng
Of mountain linnets from the Orkney Isles,
And warbling ortolans, from where the smiles
Of the warm sun ripen the grapes of France;—
The frisking white-throat, with his antic dance,
That sings at sultry summer-noon, and chases
The small aphides through the tangled mazes
Of rose and honeysuckle;—black-caps, nesting
In the white thorn; who, while the world is resting,
At midnight, wake with full, sweet melodies,
Wild, deep, and loud, the sleep-enchanted bees;—
Blue-throated robins, bred near northern seas;—
And pied fly-catchers, nesting in old trees;—
And, last of all, the peerless nightingale.—
Cicadas sang, hid in the velvet grass;—
Bees all around did their rich store amass,
Or clung together on a swinging bough,
In tangled swarms;—above her pale, fair brow
Hung nests of callow songsters; and so nigh
That she could touch it, lay, with lively eye,
A small, gray lizard; such do notice give
When serpents glide; and in all lands they live,
Even by the good-will of the rudest hind.
Close to her feet, an antelope reclined,
Graceful, large-eyed, white as the stainless fleece
Of snow upon the topmost Pyrenees,

And cropped the young buds of the sheltering trees
From the drooping limbs. In the deep, sombre woods
No voice stirred; nor in these sweet solitudes
Did aught disturb the birds, except the hymn
Sung by the fountain, from whose grassy brim
Its liquid light, in thin, clear, sparkling jets,
Rained ever on the thirsty violets;
The hum of leaves that whispered overhead,
The brook that sang along its pebbly bed,
The waterfall deep in the forest hid,
And the slight murmur of the waves, that slid
As softly up the firm, unyielding sand,
As gentle children, clasping hand in hand,
In the sick chamber of a mother grieve,
And glide on tiptoe.—

Here, O Zeus, one eve,
When thou didst shine high in the darkling west,
And bathe Night's glossy hair and ebon breast
And gentle eyes with brightness,—while the Earth
Sent up soft mists to thee, thy love gave birth
To bright Apollo, and his sister fair,
The ivory-footed Huntress;—such a pair,
Tall-statured, beautiful, as now they sit
On golden thrones, where, on Olympus met,
The austere Senate of the immortal Gods
Obey and tremble if the Thunderer nods.—
And when the radiant wings of morning stirred
The darkness in the East, Latona heard,

Faint and far off, the well-remembered hiss
Of the great dragon. Bitter agonies
Shot through her soul, and she had swiftly fled,
And tried again old Ocean's friendly bed,
Had not Apollo, young, sun-bright Apollo,
Restrained her from the dark and perilous hollow,
And asked what meant the noise.

"It is," she said,
"The monster Python, a great dragon, bred
After the Deluge, in the stagnant mud,
And thirsting for thy mother's innocent blood,
Sent by great Héré, Heaven's vindictive Queen,
To slay us all."

Upon the dewy green
Lay ready to the hand a nervous bow
And heavy arrows, eagle-winged, which thou,
Oh, Zeus! hadst placed within Apollo's reach.
These grasping, the young God stood in the breach
Of circling trees, with eye that fiercely glanced,
Nostril expanded, lip pressed, foot advanced,
And arrow at the string; when, lo! the coil
Of the great dragon came, with sinuous toil,
And vast gyrations, crushing down the branches,
With noise as when a hungry tiger cranches
Huge bones; and then Apollo drew the bow
Full at the eye, nor ended with one blow;
Dart after dart sped from the twanging string,
All at the eye: until, a lifeless thing,
The dragon lay.—

Thus the young Sun-God slew
The scaly monster; and then dragged and threw,
(So strong he was), the carcass in the sea,
Where the great sharks feasted voraciously,
Lashing the water into bloody foam
In their fierce fights.
Latona thence could roam,
With her brave children and defenders near,
In earth, air, sea, or heaven, free of fear;
Héré forgave, and Zeus the twins did set,
To guide the sun and moon as they do yet.

1830.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide:
No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations: They have died:
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing,
O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in others' honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods; and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody, like a rain
Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll
Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become,
With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the song of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove,
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun,
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed, when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with Nature!—but it may not be:
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades

Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow-chequered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet, why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard:
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me, within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illume.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

1834.

AN EVENING CONVERSATION.

One day last Spring,—one sunny afternoon,—
Lapt in contented indolence, I lay
Within a pillared circle of old trees;
Deep-bedded in the smooth luxurious sward,
That, fed by dropping dew and faithful shade,
Grew green and thick under the stout, strong oaks.
Around me the broad trees kept watch and ward,
Swinging their foreheads slowly in the air,—
Green islets in an eddying overflow
Of amber light. Among the emerald leaves
The broken waves from that enfolding sea
Struggled to reach the young birds in their nests,
As truth strives earnestly to reach the heart,
Often repulsed, yet still endeavouring.
One strip of light lay on the level grass,
Like a thin drift of pearl-snow, tinged with rose.
There I had lain since noon, stretched out at ease,
Reading, by turns, in this and that old book,
Fuller, Montaigne, and good Sir Thomas Browne,
Feltham and Herbert. Mingling with the light,
As in a song mingle two girls' sweet voices,
The song of many a mad bird floated up,

Dazzling my ears, to the high empyrean.
Breaking upon the blue sky's western beach,
Flung upward from the throbbing sea below,
The waves of light and cloud foamed up in spray,
Stained by the sun with all his richest colours,
Sapphire and sardonyx: floating forth, perfumes
From rose and jasmine wandered wide abroad,
Into the meadow, and along the creek,
That dances joyfully along its bed
Of silver sand and pebbles, through the glade,
And like a child, frightened at sudden dusk,
Stops, still as death, under yon dark gray crag,
Of thunder-scarred and overhanging rock,
Where in deep holes lurks the suspicious trout.
The locust-trees, with honey-dropping blooms,
Tempted the bees, that, darting to and fro,
Grew rich apace with their abundant spoil:
And the magnolia, with its sweet perfume,
Within large circle loaded all the air.
My children played around me on the grass,—
Sad rogues, that interrupted much my thought,
And did perplex my reading,—one in chief,
A little chattering girl with bright brown eyes,
Scarce taught to speak distinctly, but my pet,
As she well knew, and of it took advantage.
While there I lay, reading in idle mood,
I heard a step along the shaded walk,
Where the clematis and the climbing rose,

The honeysuckle and the jasmine turned
Their bright eyes to the sun,—an emerald arch,
With golden flowers embroidered. Looking up,
I saw approaching, with his kindly smile,
And outstretched hand, the dearest of my friends,
Who played with me in childhood on the sands,
And on the sounding rocks that fringed the sea,
And on the green banks of the Merrimac;
Grew up with me to manhood, with me left
Our ancient home, and many a weary month,
Fast by my side, still toiled and travelled on,
Through desert, forest, danger, over mountains,
Amid wild storms, deep snows,—bore much fatigue,
Hunger and thirst, bravely and like a man.—
After warm welcome kindly interchanged,
Idly we stretched ourselves upon the sward,
And lightly talked of half a hundred things,
Each with a little head upon his arm,
Whose bright eyes looked as gravely into ours,
As though they understood our large discourse:
Until at length it chanced that Luther said,
Responding to some self-congratulation
That bubbled from the fountain of my heart,
At thinking of my humble, happy life:—
"We are all mariners on this sea of life;
And they who climb above us up the shrouds,
Have only, in their over-topping place,

Gained a more dangerous station, and foothold
More insecure. The wind, that passeth over,
And harmeth not the humble crew below,
Whistleth amid the shrouds, and shaketh down
These overweening climbers of the ocean,
Into the seething waters of the sea.
The humble traveller securely walks
Along green valleys, walled with rocky crags,
Deep-buried vales, in Alps or Apennine,
By Titans sentinelled, yet rich with flowers,
And gushing with cool springs;—a cloudless sun
Lighting his pathway;—while the venturous fool,
Who climbed the neighboring mountain, sees, aghast,
The purple drifts of thunder-shaken cloud
Roll foaming over the blue icy crags,
On which his feet slip,—feels the heavy spray
Dash, roaring like a sea, against his side,
And bitterly repents he climbed so high.
Sharp lightning flashes through the billowy dusk
Of the mad tempest. Through the lonely pines,
Far down below him, howls the exulting wind,—
The thunder crashes round his dizzy head,—
And smitten by the earthquake's mailèd hand
The jut whereon he stands gives way, like Power,
And down a thousand fathoms headlong falls
The ambitious climber, a bruised, bloody mass,
Before the peaceful traveller below.

Better a quiet life amid our books,
Than, like mad swimmers in a stormy ocean,
To breast the roar and tumult of the world."

"I think so too: and I am well content
To lead a peaceful, quiet, humble life,
Among my children and my patient books.
Disgrace and danger, like two hungry hounds,
Run ever on the track of those who do
Good service to their country, or achieve
Distinction and a name above their fellows.
And slander is an ever=current coin,
Easy of utterance as pure gold, deep=stamped
With the king's image, in the mint of Truth.
What service to his country can one do,
In the wild warfare of the present age?
To gain success, the masses must be swayed;—
To sway the masses, one must be well skilled
And dextrous with the weapons of the trade.
Who fights the gladiator without skill,
Fights without arms. Why! he must lie, and cheat
By false pretences, double and turn at will,
Profess whatever doctrine suits the time,
Juggle and trick with words, in everything
Be a base counterfeit, and fawn and crouch
Upon the level of the baser sort.
I love the truth, because it is the Truth,
And care not whether it be profitable,

Or if the common palate relish it.
Of all things most I hate the Plausible:
An open knave's an open enemy;
But sleek Pretence with the stiletto stabs,
At dusky corners, of a starless night.
The True and Popular are deadly foes,
Ever at dagger's point, in endless feud.
If one could serve his country by success,
Or strengthen her defences, he might well
Endure abuse and bitter contumely,
Slander and persecution; but to fling
One's self down headlong from the vessel's prow,
Into the angry chasms of the deep,
Without a hope to stay the ship's mad course,
Is the profoundest folly of the time.—
Behold how nobly sets the Imperial Sun!
The golden glories of his mellow rays
On the green meadow=level fall aslant;
On either side, the crests of snowy cloud,
With crimson inter=penetrated, shrink
And yield him room: no dusky bar obscures
The broad magnificence of his wide eye;
Though farther south, dark as a cataract
Of thundering waters, a great cloud lets down
Its curtain to the blue horizon's edge;
While, here and there, a wing of snowy foam,
Upon its front, glints like the shining sail
Of some aërial shallop, fleeing swift

Along the surface of the tranquil deep.—
Will Truth at any time shine broadly forth,
Even as the sun shines, with no cloud of Error
To intercept a single glorious ray?"

"Truth is omnipotent, and will prevail;
And Public Justice certain."

"Aye, my friend!
A great man said so. 'T is a noble thought,
Nobly expressed; itself a creed complete.
But in what sense is Truth omnipotent,
And at what time is Public Justice certain?—
Truth will avenge herself, for every wrong,
And for all treason to her majesty,
Upon the nation or the individual,
That doth the wrong, by those grave consequences,
Which do, from falsehood or in deed or word,
By law inflexible result. The cause
Why nations do so often topple down,
Like avalanches, from their eminence,
Why men do slink into disastrous graves,
In the stern sentence hath been well expressed,
'Ye would not know the truth or follow it.'
Truth has the power to vindicate itself;
But to convince all men that 't is the truth,
Is far beyond its reach: and public virtue
And public service eminent, are paid,
In life, by obloquy and contumely,

But, after death, by large obsequies,
And monuments and mausoléa. Thus
Is public justice certain. We regard
With slight observance and a careless glance,
The Sun that now has closed his radiant eye,
Below the dim horizon's dusky verge,
So long as we behold him in the heavens,
And know that God's Omnipotence compels
His due return. We give no earnest thanks
Of heartfelt gratitude for this great gift
Of light, the largest blessing of them all.—
Lo! he has sunk beneath the grassy sea
Of the broad prairie, whose great emerald lid
Shuts slowly over him. If never more
That glorious orb should rise to light the earth,
Men, staggering blindly through unnatural night,
Would understand the blessing they had lost,
And public justice would be done the Sun."

"After a long, dark night, a starless night,
In which the thin moon early struggled down
To where the sky and desert met together,
Plunging with hard endeavor through the surf
And spray that gloomed along the tortured heaven,—
After a long, dark night of storm and sleet,
The daylight comes with slow and feeble steps.
How imperceptibly the Dawn begins,
After the storm has sobbed itself asleep,

To shine upon the eyelids of the East.
By slow degrees the distant snowy crests
Of the great mountains, where, for age on age,
Tempests have vainly thundered, are discerned
Upheaving their dim heads among the clouds.
The straining eye then makes the contour out
Of the near forests. Then a rosy mist
Spreads like a blush upon the purple clouds,
Becoming by degrees a crimson light;
Until, at last, after a weary watch,
Kept by cold voyagers on disastrous seas,
Or storm-vexed travellers on wide desert plains,
The broad sun rushes through the eddying mist,
Flinging it off, as from a frigate's prow
Flash back the sparkling waves. The wakened world,
Gladdened with light, rejoices in her strength,
And men adore the imperatorial Sun.
So shall it be with Truth. Long Ages are
The minutes of her twilight. The white sails
Of the Dawn's boat are crimsoned by her light,
Where it lies rocking near the eastern strand,
Waiting a pilot to assume the helm,
And steer it round the circle of the sky;
For Truth below the horizon lingers yet.
But after you and I are dead and cold,
Our bones all mouldered to a little dust,
Our monuments all crumbled into clay,
She, like the sun, shall rise and light the world,

Never to set. The humblest man has power
To accelerate her coming; and the words
We speak or write, in that effect shall live
Long after we are gathered to the dead.
Thought shakes the world, as the strong earthquake's tread
Shakes the old mountains and the impatient sea.
Each written word, teaching the humblest truth,
No matter in what homely garb arrayed,
Is one of those uncounted myriad drops
That make the stream of Thought, which first sprung forth
A slender, feeble rill, when all the earth
Was dark as midnight, from the inmost caves
And deep recesses of the human mind,
Where it was born. Think you one drop is lost
Of all by which that stream has grown so great?—
No longer trickling over the gray rocks,
Or foaming over precipice and crag,
It rolls along, a broad, deep, tranquil stream,
Resistless in calm energy and strength,
Through the wide plains,—and feels the giant pulse,
(So near it is to universal power),
Of Ocean throbbing in its great blue heart.
Let us work on!—for surely it is true
That none work faithfully without result.
What if we do not the result perceive?
God sees it; it is present now, to Him:
So that we know our labour is not lost."

"Content you, friend! I shall not cease to work.
I am the harnessed champion of Truth,
Cuirassed and greaved, sworn to her glorious cause,
With Beauty's favor glittering in my helm.
But henceforth I shall labour in the peace
And quietness of my beloved home.
No good is wrought by mingling in the fray
Of party-war. Under these kingly trees,
Encouraged by my children's loving eyes,
Soothed to serene and self-possessed content,
By all the sights and sounds that bless me here,
Will I work ever in her noble cause.
The words of Truth should flow upon the ears
Of the unwilling world, until it heeds:
Even as the crystal waters of our spring,
That, night and day, all seasons of the year,
Indifferent to censure or to praise,
Seen and unseen, singing their quiet tune,
Leap joyfully over its grassy brim,
Starred with bright flowers; rain on the thankful sward,
Where now the almond drops its rosy gems,
And the syringa trails its drooping twigs,
Fringed thickly with its small and snowy blooms;
And murmuring their gratitude to God,
Flow onward, seeking patiently the sea;
Not other now, than when, for many an age,
Primæval forests hid it from all sight,
Save the fond stars; no lip bent down to drink;

And since creation's morning, not an eye
Of man had seen it. 'Tis a pregnant lesson."

"I see its waters gleaming in the light
Of the young moon, and hear the slender sound
Of the stirred pebbles in its narrow bed.
If men would do their duty, like the springs,
Committing the result and their reward
To God, who loveth all, the golden age,
That most delicious fable of old rhyme,
Would come indeed."

"I, for my single self,
Shall still live on in this, the peaceful calm
And golden ease of my dear humble home:
As in the sheltered harbor of some isle,
Enclosed by southern seas, the storm-worn ship
Escaped the waves, old ocean's hungry hounds,
That cry and chafe without, furls all her sails,
And sleeps within the shadow of the trees,
Rocked by the undulations caused by storm,
That vexes all the ocean round the isle.
Here will I make myself a golden age,
Here live content, and happier than a king.
Nor bird that swings and sleeps in his small nest,
Nor bee that revels in the jasmine-blooms,
Nor humming-bird, that robs the honeysuckle,
Nor cricket, nested under the warm hearth,
Shall sing or work more cheerfully than I."

With this, the moon, opening one azure lid,
Had sometime poured her light upon the birds,
Among the green leaves of the ancient oaks;
The drops rained thick upon the bright green grass,
From the spring's brim, like a swift silver hail;
The meadow seemed a wide, clear, level lake
Of molten silver, by her alchemy;
The shoulders of the northern mountains glittered
With a new glory, and one splintered peak
Shot up in bold relief against the sky,
With one large star resting upon his crown,
A beacon-light on a Titanic tower.
Around that peak, to north and east stretched out
The line of dusky forest, far away,
Bounding the prairie like a rampart there,
With curtain, bastion, scarp and counterscarp.
The thick stars smiled upon the laughing earth,
As bright and cheerful as a young child's eyes.
The thin leaves, shaken by the southern wind,
Murmured in night's pleased ear. The light dew fell
On bud and flower; and, wakened by the moon,
The locust and the katydid sang loud
And shrill within the shadows of the trees.
While in the thorn-tree, growing near the spring,
Hid in the drifted snow of its white blooms,
The merry mimic of our southern woods
Poured out large waves of gushing melody,
That overflowed the meadow many a rood,

And undulated through the pillared trees.
Our little audience, fallen fast asleep,
Reminded us of home. So we arose,
And slowly walking to the house, there sat
Near the large windows, where the moon shone in
Upon the carpets, and the Spring's warm breath,
Sweet as a girl's, came heavy with perfume;
And, with a bottle of bright, sparkling wine,
From sunny France, and fitful conversation,
Sustained awhile, then dying into silence,
Prolonged our sitting far into the night.

1845.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Our shallop, long with tempest tried,
Floats calmly down life's tranquil tide;
Blue skies are laughing overhead,
The river sparkles in its bed;
The sunbeams from the waters glancing,
On the white canvas flashing glisten;
The small waves round our vessel dancing,
Melt and dissolve in silver foam,
And we, in our frail home,
To the charmed water-music listen.

We and our little children float,
Dreaming, in this enchanted boat:
A gentle and propitious gale,
Follows, and fills the snowy sail,
From spicy Southern wildernesses,
And thickets of acacia blowing,—
Where dewy morning's golden tresses,
Shine through the darkling purple gloom
And, loaded with perfume,
The sea of air is overflowing.

Great trees their branches overhead
Thrust forth, with flowers thick-garlanded;
And while our little bark we steer
Through the bright rosy atmosphere,
The thick leaves murmuringly quiver;
The golden sunlight, floating, flashes
On green isles jewelling the river,
On whose smooth, silver-sanded shore,
Foaming up evermore,
The current musically plashes.

But westward a dark, frowning cloud
Veils the bright river, like a shroud;
Where, wandering under unknown skies,
Its course is hidden from our eyes.
We only know that onward ever,
Lapsing with fluctuating motion,
The mighty and majestic river,
To where the sunset glories fade,
Through changing light and shade
Runs to Eternity's broad ocean.

Between what bleak and desert shores,
Down what harsh cataracts it pours,
Over what rocks and treacherous shoals,
The fretted river hoarsely rolls,
We know not: We are in God's keeping:
He loves and will protect us ever.

Now, while our little ones are sleeping,
Kneel we in earnest prayer to Him
To guide us through the dim
And unknown perils of Life's river.

1845.

SPRING.

O, thou delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
Raining from clouds exhaled from dews that cling
To odorous beds of rare and fragrant flowers,
And honeysuckle bowers,
That over grassy walks their tendrils fling:
Come, gentle Spring!

Thou lover of soft winds!
That wander from the invisible upper sea
Whose foam the clouds are, when young May unbinds
Her dewy hair, and with sweet sympathy
Makes crisp leaves dance with glee,
Even in the teeth of that old sober hind,
Winter unkind.

Come to us! for thou art
Like the pure love of children, gentle Spring,
Filling with delicate pleasure the lone heart;
Or like a modest virgin's welcoming;
And thou dost bring
Fair skies, soft breezes, bees upon the wing,
Low murmuring.

Red Autumn, from the South,
Contends with thee. What beauty can he show?
What are his purple-stained and rosy mouth,
And nut-brown cheeks, to thy soft feet of snow,
And exquisite fresh glow,
Thy timid flowers, in their sweet virgin growth
And modest youth?

Hale Summer follows thee,
But not with beauty delicate as thine;—
All things that live rejoice thy face to see;
But when he comes, they pant for heat, and pine
For Arctic ice, and wine
Thick-frozen, sipped under a shady tree,—
With dreams of thee.

Come, sit upon our hills,
Wake the chilled brooks, and send them down their side,
To make the valleys smile with sparkling rills;
And when the stars into their places glide,
And Dian sits in pride,
I, too, will breathe thine influence that thrills
The grassy hills.

Alas! sweet Spring!—not long
Wilt thou remain, lament thee as we may;
For as rude Summer waxes stout and strong,
Thou wilt grow thin and pale, and fade away

As dreams flit, scared at day;
Thou wilt no more to us or earth belong,
Except in song.

So I, who sing, shall die,
Worn thin and pale, perhaps, by care and sorrow;
And, fainting, with a soft, unconscious sigh,
Bid unto this poor body that I borrow,
A long good-by,—to-morrow
To enjoy, I hope, eternal Spring on high,
Beyond the sky.

1829.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquentance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquentance be forgot,
And Auld Lang Syne?

For Auld Lang Syne, my Jo!
For Auld Lang Syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

An' surely ye'll your glasses fill,
An' surely I'll fill mine,
An' we'll tak' a right gude-willy wought,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

'Tis mony a year sin' first we met,
Wi' song an' jest an' wine,
And aft we saw the day-star rise
In Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

We a' hae had our ups an' doons,
Great sorrows, joys divine;
And some hae won, and some hae lost,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some hae foemen been, and charged
In column and in line,
Each fighting for his flag and faith,
And Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And they who lost, no malice bear,
Nor murmur nor repine;
And they who won, the losers luve,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some hae seen the simmer sun
On mony a broad land shine,
And wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

The laurel and the cypress on
Some grassy graves entwine,
Where those are laid who lo'ed us weel
In Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some we luve, in foreign lands
To see their ain land pine,
And backward look, wi' fond regret,
To Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

We a' hae had our luves and hates—
The hates we a' resign,
But keep the luves a' fresh and grèen,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

An' there's a han', each trusty frien',
And gi'e 's a han' o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude-willy wought,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

An' when we shut the book o' life,
An' a' of earth resign,
The memories shall, if sad, be sweet,
Of Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

1869.

THE

STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

The Ancient Wrong rules many a land, whose groans
Rise swarming to the stars by day and night,
Thronging with mournful clamour round the thrones
Where the Archangels sit in God's great light,
And, pitying, mourn to see that Wrong still reigns,
And tortured Nations writhe in galling chains.

From Hungary and France fierce cries go up
And beat against the portals of the skies;
Lashed Italy still drinks the bitter cup,
And Germany in abject stupor lies;
The knout on Poland's bloody shoulders rings,
And Time is all one jubilee of kings.

It will not be so always. Through the night
The suffering multitudes with joy descry
Beyond the ocean a great beacon-light,
Flashing its rays into their starless sky,
And teaching them to struggle and be free,—
The light of Order, Law, and Liberty.

Take heart, ye bleeding Nations; and your chains
Shall shiver like thin glass. The dawn is near,
When Earth shall feel, through all her aged veins
The new blood pouring; and her drowsy ear
Hear Freedom's trumpet ringing in the sky,
Calling her braves to conquer or to die.

Arm and revolt, and let the hunted stags
Against the lordly lions stand at bay!—
Each pass, Thermopylæ, and all the crags,
Young Freedom's fortresses!—and soon the day
Shall come when Right shall rule, and round the thrones
That gird God's feet shall eddy no more groans.

1853.

NIGHT ON THE ARKANSA.

Night comes upon the Arkansa with swift stride,—
Its dark and turbid waters roll along,
Bearing wrecked trees and drift,—deep, red, and wide.
The heavy forest sleeps on either side,
To the water's edge low-stooping; and among
The patient stars the moon her lamp has hung,
Lit with the spirit of the buried sun.
No blue waves dance the stream's dark bosom on,
Glittering like beauty's sparkling starry tears;
No crest of foam, crowning the river dun,
Its misty ridge of frozen light uprears:
One sole relief in the great void appears—
A dark, blue ridge, set sharp against the sky,
Beyond the forest's utmost boundary.

Not so wast thou, O, brave old Merrimac!
As I remember thee; as thou art seen
By the Soul's eyes, when, dreaming, I go back
To my old home, and see the small boats tack
On thy blue waters, gliding swift between
The old gray rocks that o'er them fondly lean
Their foreheads scarred with lightning. There, around

Grim capes the surly waters whirl and bound;
And here and there grave patriarchal trees
Persuade the grass to clothe the reluctant ground
And frowning banks with green. Still villages
Sleep in the embraces of the cool sea-breeze:—
Ah, brave old stream!—thou seemest to infold
My heart within thy waters, as of old.

1838.

MY

NATIVE LAND, MY TENNESSEE.

[WRITTEN FOR MRS. WASHINGTON BARROW.]

The Sunset flings upon the Sea
Its golden gush of life and light;
The waves with pleasant melody
On the white sands are sparkling bright;
Old Ocean, round his many isles,
Like a fair infant sleeping smiles;—
So would I sleep, and dream of thee,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Tall mountains with their snowy cones,
Far inland, bathed in sunshine, blaze;
Like gray-haired giants on their thrones,
Crowned with the young dawn's golden rays.
Toward them I lean, and fain would lie
Guarded by those that pierce thy sky,
Thou dearest land on earth to me,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Landward and swift the sea-bird flies,
Dipping his strong and nervous wings

In the blue wave, as home he hies,
A truant from his wanderings.
He goes to seek his gentle mate,
His young with longing eyes that wait;
So would I fain haste home to thee,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Existence!—'tis but toil and strife,—
Yet I'll not murmur or repine,
So that the Sunset of my life,
Sweet day! be clear and calm as thine;—
So that I take my last, long rest,
Dear native land, on thy loved breast;
Land of the gallant and the free!
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

1839

O DEAREST, O DAINTIEST MIGNONNE!

O dearest, O daintiest Mignonne!—
O Darling! most perfect and rare!—
What one of all Eve's fairest daughters
With Mignonne can claim to compare?

Your gray eyes take captive your lovers,
Your kisses are each worth a throne;
Your dear arms and hands would impassion
A statue of Parian stone.

Your voice thrills with exquisite pathos,
In every heart that can feel
The magic of song and sweet music,
And of all that these jointly reveal.

Your lips, curled in scorn, are delicious,
When you pout, you are lovelier still,
When they part, as enchanted I kiss them,
My soul with glad rapture they thrill.

Your bosom—we see but its contour,
And dream of its beauties divine;
So was Paradise closed against Adam,
As Love veils his holiest shrine.

Your dear little lily-stem fingers
Weave nets for the catching of hearts;
Your tresses make fetters to bind them,—
The slaves of your mischievous arts.

Your little feet make sweetest music,
Your ankle one's fingers can span;—
What exquisite charms do you hide from
The eyes of inquisitive man!

My heart struggles hard in your meshes,
Like a bird in a merciless hand;
I'm your captive, your servant, your bondman,
Obedient to every command.

Capricious and willful, but loving,
Offended, you quickly forgive;
For you know that I love you so dearly,
I must cease, if you do not, to live.

You smile, Heaven's golden gates open,—
With light heart all dangers we dare;
You frown,—and the gates shut behind us,
We sink in the pit of despair.

O dearest, O daintiest Mignonne!
O Darling! most perfect and sweet!—
On my heart, if you will, you can trample,
For 'tis under your delicate feet.

1868.

SONG.

"AFTER THE MIDNIGHT COMETH MORN."

[FOR SEÑORITA CAROLINA CASSARD.]

The Years come, and the Years go,
And the leaves of life keep falling,
Carrie! falling;
And across the sunless river's flow,
With accents soft and whispers low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Carrie! calling;
While Autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky, like cares:—
But the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years wake, and the Years sleep,
And the Past is full of sorrow,
Carrie! sorrow;
The thoughtless laughs and the thoughtful weeps,
And each the fruit of his follies reaps,
For To-day is the Fate of To-morrow,
Carrie! to-morrow;

But new loves tempt us to forget
The old, and old friends love us yet:—
So the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years laugh, and the Years sigh,
But the flowers for you are blowing,
Carrie! blowing;
As Girlhood's days go dancing by,
And Womanhood's blithe May is nigh,
With hopes and fancies glowing,
Carrie! glowing;
While love his nets for you prepares,
And lurks to catch you unawares:—
And the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years live, and the Years die,
And all they touch they sadden,
Carrie! sadden;
But still the heart can time defy,
Hope still with purple flush our sky,
And sober friendship gladden,
Carrie! gladden;
And well as we have loved before,
In Autumn we can love once more:—
For the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

1870.

THE WIDOWED HEART.

LACHRYMÆ PONDERA VOCIS HABENT.
TRISTIS ERIS, SI SOLUS ERIS: DOMINÆQUE RELICTÆ
ANTE OCULOS FACIES STABIT, UT IPSA, TUOS.

Thou art lost to me forever!—I have lost thee, Isadore!
Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom more;
Thy tender eyes will never more look fondly into mine,
Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly entwine,—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art dead and gone, dear loving wife, thy heart is still and cold,
And mine, benumbed with wretchedness, is prematurely old:
Of our whole world of love and joy thou wast the only light,
A star, whose setting left behind, ah me! how dark a night!—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

The vines and flowers we planted, Love, I tend with anxious care,
And yet they droop and fade away, as though they wanted air:
They cannot live without thine eyes to feed them with their light;
Since thy hands ceased to train them, Love, they cannot grow aright;—
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our little ones inquire of me, where is their mother gone,—
What answer can I make to them, except with tears alone?
For if I say, "To Heaven," then the poor things wish to learn
How far it is, and where, and when their mother will return;—
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our happy home has now become a lonely, silent place;
Like Heaven without its stars it is, without thy blessed face:
Our little ones are still and sad;—none love them now but I,
Except their mother's spirit, which I feel is always nigh;—
Thou lovest us in Heaven, Isadore!

Their merry laugh is heard no more, they neither run nor play,
But wander round like little ghosts, the long, long Summer-day:
The spider weaves his web across the windows at his will,
The flowers I gathered for thee last are on the mantel still;—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Restless I pace our lonely rooms, I play our songs no more,
The garish Sun shines flauntingly upon the unswept floor;
The mocking-bird still sits and sings, O melancholy strain!
For my heart is like an Autumn-cloud that overflows with rain;
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Alas! how changed is all, dear wife, from that sweet eve in Spring,
When first my love for thee was told, and thou to me didst cling,
Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears, pressing thy lips to mine,
In our old arbor, Dear, beneath the over-arching vine;—
Those lips are cold forever, Isadore!

The moonlight struggled through the leaves, and fell upon thy face,
So lovingly upturning there, with pure and trustful gaze;
The Southern breezes murmured through the dark cloud of thy hair,
As like a happy child thou didst in my arms nestle there;—
Death holds thee now forever, Isadore!

Thy love and faith so plighted then, with mingled smile and tear,
Was never broken, Darling, while we dwelt together here:
Nor bitter word, nor dark, cold look thou ever gavest me—
Loving and trusting always, as I loved and worshipped thee;—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my comforter in health,
So gentle and so constant, when our love was all our wealth:
Thy voice of music cheered me, Love, in each despondent hour,
As Heaven's sweet honey-dew consoles the bruised and broken flower;—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art gone from me forever;—I have lost thee,
Isadore!
And desolate and lonely I shall be forevermore:
Our children hold me, Darling, or I to God should pray
To let me cast the burthen of this long, dark life away,
And see thy face in Heaven, Isadore!

Christmas.

By Albert Pike.

The Christmas time is drawing near, the pleasant Christmas time;
Let us hail its coming cheerfully, with a song of rude old rhyme:
A good rough song, like those that when old England yet was young,
Under old Saxon rafters with a jolly chorus rung;
And round shall pass the merry glass, grim Care we'll drive away,
And music and the dance shall greet the gladsome Christmas day.

Old feuds we'll bury fathoms deep, old friendships we'll renew,
And closer cling to those we love, as the ivy to the yew;
There may be Winter out of doors, the keen cold wind may sing
Shrilly and sharply, but within the warm heart shall be Spring:
Kind feelings, like sweet jasmin buds and flowers, shall come again,
And blossom like the summer rose, blessed with a morning rain.

Had we our way, the good old sports should be revived once more;
Again should maidens' little feet dance twinkling on the floor;
While overhead again should hang the dark green mistleto,
And all lips that strayed under it the forfeit pay, we know.
The Yule-log should again be brought by many a stout, strong hand,
And some fair girl should light it, with the last year's sacred brand.

Once more should pass the wassail-bowl, of nut-brown ale and old,
A sovereign panacea, that, against the winter's cold!
With the nutmeg, toast and ginger:—all the vintage of the Rhine
Can neither warm the brain as well nor make the dark eye shine
With half as much mad mischief, or with half as merry glee:—
So away with the wine! good Christmas ale for MY *sweetheart and me!*

"And both in town and country, in the cottage and the hall,
There should be fires to curb the cold, and meat for great and small."
The neighbors should be bidden in, and all have welcome true,
And think the good old fashions were far better than the new;
The roasted apples once again should cover all the hearth,
And many a good old-fashioned game make the rafters ring with mirth.

And the boar's head dressed with a green silk scarf, and with trumpets blown
before,
Come marching solemnly along, with a carol sung at the door;
Then the maidens should the cake cut up, and she who found the bean,
Should be, the whole long holiday, a lovely Christmas Queen;
To reign more wisely than the Kings, and by diviner right,
Over a realm of hearts, that Love and Loyalty unite.

So the Christmas tree again should grow, its golden fruitage shine,
Around its dark-green glossy leaves; the ivy fondly twine
Its melancholy tendrils round the trunk and every limb,
As sad thoughts cling around the heart, when at night the fire burns dim:
Not of holly, bay or laurel—we would have no royal tree—
But the lusty, green Magnolia, fit emblem for the free.

Alas! the good old days are gone! Time blows an adverse gale;
On the waves of new strange oceans falls the shadow of our sail;
No more old games we play, we crown no fair young Queen or King;
'T was a mere idle dream, that through my mind went wandering;
Like as a sea-wind softly blows through a shell upon the shore,
And makes a low, sweet melody, echo of ocean's roar.

Not all a dream! We can forgive those that have done us wrong,
Draw closer to old friends, and make affection's bonds more strong;
Create more sunlight on Life's ways, more starlight in the heart,
And get us ready for the time when we must hence depart;—
So may we live in peace with all, and when we pass away,
Look back without a bitter thought to this fair Christmas Day.

For Fayette Hewitt, my friend, with
assurances of affection and regard
Albert Pike

25th December 1870

CRUISKEEN LAN.

Let the Statesmen swarm like bees,
At Receptions and Levees,
And Diplomats the drawing-room adorn;
Let Patriots grow grey,
Fretting, fuming life away—
I'm contented with my Cruiskeen Lan.

Gra ma cree ma Cruiskeen,
Slanthe gal ma Vourneen,
Gra ma cree ma Cruiskeen lan;
Gra ma cree ma Cruiskeen,
Slanthe gal ma Vourneen,
Gra ma cree ma Colleen ban, ban, ban,
Gra ma cree ma Colleen ban.

Let the Great love pomp and show,
And Life's pleasures all forego,
For Fame, that like a vapor soon is gone;
And sour old Cent-per-cent
Count his profits and his rents,—
I am richer with my Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let him who great would be
Crook the hinges of the knee,
And on Senators and Secretaries fawn;
I cannot duck and bend,
But I'll always serve a friend,
And enjoy my little Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let him who fain would thrive,
Usurious bargains drive,
And what he calls his soul, to Satan pawn;
I'll freely give and lend,
And the rest as freely spend,
And enjoy my darling Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let the Fop exhale in sighs,
At the blaze of Beauty's eyes,
While her jewels reconcile him to her scorn;
The melted rubies shine
For us in generous wine,
And diamonds in our Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let Plutus have his rout,
Where you're squeezed and knocked about,
And enjoy yourself immensely—*in a horn;*
Let the youthful and the gay
Enjoy the bal masque;
Give me a quiet Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let the banker give his feeds,
Where the modest no man heeds,
And Parvenus on pompous Dulness fawn;
Give me a jollier set,
Of clever fellows met,
At a friend's to taste his Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

For no contracts we've to give,
Nor any posts by which to live,
And Politics we gayly laugh to scorn;
While like brothers here we stand,
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
With our smiling little Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

More dear than gold to me
Shall the recollection be
Of the glorious Attic nights that are gone,
When soul communed with soul,
As away the swift hours stole,
While we drank our smiling Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

You may roam the world around,
To old ocean's farthest bound;
Visit every land the sun looks down upon;
And fellows to compare
With our set you'll find nowhere,
When they meet to taste their Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

At Johnny Coyle's, egad!
Many a frolic we have had;
At Hoover's, Wallack's, Berry's, seen the dawn;
At Charley Boteler's, too,
You with me, and I with you,
Have enjoyed our smiling Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

This evening with McGuire,
Fun and frolic shall conspire
To dissipate the cares of daylight born;
And may we ne'er forget
That we here to-night were met,
To take a kindly Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Be friend to friend more dear ;
Let estrangements disappear
As the mists that flit away before the morn;
Good-bye to jars and feud,
Let the old ties be renewed,
As once more we take our Cruiskeen Lan.
Chorus.

Re-Union.

Washington, January, 1869.

I.

LET us drink, together, fellows, as we did in days of yore,
And still enjoy the golden hours that Fortune has in store,
The absent friends remembered be, in all that's sung or said,
And Love immortal consecrate the memory of the dead.

II.

FILL every goblet to the brim!—let every heart be filled
With kindly recollections, and all bitter ones be stilled!
Come round me, dear old fellows, and in chorus as we sing,
Life's Autumn days shall be as glad as were its days of Spring.

III.

DRINK, Brothers, to the absent who are living, first of all,
While each familiar name and face we lovingly recall!
The generous and brave and good! The kind, and frank, and true,
Who knew not how false word to speak or what was base to do.

IV.

WE see the faces of the Dead; they hover in the air,
And looking on us lovingly, our mirth they seem to share;
O dearly loved! though ye have gone to other stars or spheres,
We still have for you thoughts of love and consecrated tears.

V.

POUR a libation rich with love upon the graves that hold
The ashes of the gallant hearts that long ago grew cold;
And swear that never party feuds or civil war shall break
Our bonds of love, and enemies of friends and comrades make.

VI.

THE Dead are with us always friends: let us their teachings heed!
"Forgive thy brother, if he err!" they eloquently plead:
"Let bygones be bygones!" they cry; "let the old love revive!
"And on the altars of your hearts keep Friendship's fire alive."

VII.

IT is better far to love than hate, for Nations as for men;
Let us hope the good old humour soon will bless the land again:
But if the politicians still should wrangle, scold, and fight,
Their quarrels shall not break the ties that we re-knit to-night.

VIII.

OUR Autumn-days of life have come, the frosts begin to fall,
Beyond the dark, deep river, hark! we hear old comrades call.
To the Dead and Living whom each loves, let each his goblet fill:
And the memory of the dead shall make the living dearer still.

Song.

"AFTER THE MIDNIGHT COMETH MORN."

[FOR SEÑORITA CAROLINA CASSARD.]

The Years come, and the Years go,
And the leaves of life keep falling,
Carrie! falling;
And across the sunless river's flow,
With accents soft, and whispers low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Carrie! calling;
While Autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky, like cares:—
But the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years wake, and the Years sleep,
And the Past is full of sorrow,
Carrie! sorrow;
The thoughtless laughs and the thoughtful weeps,
And each the fruit of his follies reaps,
For To-day is the Fate of To-morrow,
Carrie! morrow;
But new loves tempt us to forget
The old, and old friends love us yet:—
So the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years laugh, and the Years sigh,
But the flowers for you are blowing,
Carrie! blowing;
As Girlhood's days go dancing by,

And Womanhood's blithe May is nigh,
With hopes and fancies glowing,
Carrie! glowing;
While Love his nets for you prepares,
And lurks to catch you unawares:—
And the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years live, and the Years die,
And all they touch they sadden,
Carrie! sadden;
But still the heart can time defy,
Hope still with purple flush our sky,
And sober friendship gladden,
Carrie! gladden:
And well as we have loved before,
In Autumn we can love once more:—
For the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

ALBERT PIKE,
22d January, 1870.

SONG.

THE MAGNOLIA.

What, what is the true Southern Symbol,
The Symbol of Honour and Right,
The Emblem that suits a brave people
In arms against numbers and might?—
'Tis the ever green stately Magnolia,
Its pearl flowers pure as the Truth,
Defiant of tempest and lightning,
Its life a perpetual youth.

French blood stained with glory the Lilies,
While centuries marched to their grave,
And over bold Scot and gay Irish
The Thistle and Shamrock yet wave:
Ours, ours be the noble Magnolia,
That only on Southern soil grows,
The Symbol of life everlasting:—
Dear to us as to England the Rose.

Paint the flower on a field blue as Heaven,
Let the broad leaves around it be seen,
"SEMPERVIRENS" the eloquent motto,
Our colors the BLUE, WHITE and GREEN.
Type of chivalry, loyalty, virtue,
In Winter and Summer the same,
Full of leaf, full of flower, full of vigour,—
It befits those who fight for a name.

For a name among Earth's ancient Nations,
Yet more for the Truth and the Right;
For Freedom, for proud Independence,
The old strife of Darkness and Light.
Round the world bear the flag of our glory,
While the nations look on and admire,
And our struggle, immortal in story,
Shall the free of all ages inspire.

What though many fall in the conflict,
And our blood redden many a field?
The foe's on our soil, fellow-soldiers!
And God is our strength and our shield.
Through the fire and the smoke bear our banner
Ever on, while a fragment remains!
What though we are few and they many?
THE LORD GOD OF ARMIES STILL REIGNS.

ALBERT PIKE.

SONG.

When Autumn's chilly winds complain,
 And red leaves withered fall,
We know that Spring will laugh again,
 And leaf and flower recall.

But when Love's saddening Autumn wears
 The hues that death presage,
No Spring in winter's lap prepares
 A second golden age.

So when *Life's* Autumn sadly sighs,
 Yet smiles its cold tears through,
No Spring with warm and sunny skies
 The soul's youth will renew.

Love blooms but once, and dies—for all;
 Life has no second Spring;
The frost must come, the snow must fall,
 Loud as the lark may sing.

O Love! O life! ye fade like flowers,
 That droop and die in June;
The present, Oh! too short, is ours;
 And Autumn comes too soon.

ALBERT PIKE.

"The Fine Arkansas Gentleman."

The following song was written in the winter of 1852-3, at Washington.

The credit of originating it is due to William M. Burwell, then of Liberty, Virginia, now of New Orleans, and editor of *De Bow's Review*, who was that winter at Washington,—a person of infinite humor, a capital scholar and most original thinker. He composed three or four of the verses and handed them to Albert Pike, who completed the song.

The subject of it, "The Fine Arkansas Gentleman," was Major Elias Rector, of Arkansas, long a resident of that State and living near the border, or the Choctaw and Cherokee lines, but who was that winter at Washington, seeking the position of Marshal of the Arkansas district, which he had before held for several years, but lost upon the accession of President Taylor.

Major Rector was a zealous Democrat, but with many warm friends on the other side. These friendships, which were lasting ones, he owed to his genial nature, his generosity, courage, high sense of honor, and abundant hospitality. He was a person of fine presence, of great intelligence, and of an excellent and most original quaint wit; one of his peculiarities being that he wore his hair long, and put up with a comb, like a woman's. In the earlier days of Arkansas, when the strife of politics was exceedingly bitter, he was a bold, daring partizan, often engaged in personal difficulties and making many enmities, all of which he outlived. No man had a kinder heart, warmer affections, or a more true, generous and loyal nature. Nor was any man more courtly and like an English gentleman in his manners.

The song was sung for the first time when he was present, and at a party given by Robert W. Johnson, then a member of the House of Representatives, and afterwards Senator from Arkansas.

Dr. Wm. P. Reyburn was a physician residing in New Orleans, and at that time in Washington. He had, many years before, lived in Arkansas, and was an intimate friend of Major Rector. The Doctor was immensely corpulent, and brimfull of joke, jest and anecdote, a gourmand, easy and indolent, but of vigorous intellect and great shrewdness, jovial, generous, and loyally trustworthy, a better Falstaff, in all the huge Knight's good qualities, including his wit, than Hackett himself. Dear old fellow! he returned to Arkansas in 1861, a Surgeon in the Confederate Army, after an absence of more than twenty years, to die and be buried there.

Prindle, though the keeper of a gaming house on Pennsylvania avenue, was a good, true, honest, generous man, whose kindness of heart and lavish bounties and his own improvidence at last made him poor. He had often returned to young men the money they had lost to his Bank; and was therefore liked and respected by many who knew him well, and among whom many had National reputations.

This song is so connected with the others in the volume, that it may perhaps be fitly called one of "the Songs of Washington," and that no apology may be needed for placing it here.

I.

Now all good fellows, listen, and a story I will tell
Of a mighty clever gentleman who lives extremely well
In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
Where he gets drunk once a week on whisky, and immediately sobers himself completely on the very best of wine;
A fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

II.

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate
Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will be worth a great deal some day or other if he don't kill himself too soon, and will only condescend to wait;
And four or five dozen negroes that would rather work than not,
And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and other poultry, that he never pretends to know how many he has got;
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

III.

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house
On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated with deer, and hares, and grouse;
And when he wants to feast his friends he has nothing more to do
Than to leave the pot-lid off, and the decently behaved birds fly straight into the pot, knowing he'll shoot them if they don't; and he has a splendid stew,
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

IV.

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,
Unless from drought or worm, a bad stand, or some other damned contingency, his crop is short or fails;
And when it's picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it on a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar, and has a devil of a spree, while down to New Orleans he and his cotton float,
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

V.

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing store,
And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Verandah, and all the other hotels in the city, if he succeeds in finding any more;
Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats
Every man from Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Virginia, and the Choctaw nation, and every other damned vagabond he meets!
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

VI.

The last time he was down there, when he thought of going back,
After staying about fifteen days, more or less, he discovered that by lending and by spending, and being a prey in general to gamblers, hackmen, loafers, brokers, hoosiers, tailors, servants, and many other individuals, white and black,
He'd distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means,
And had nothing left to show for them, barring two or three headaches, an invincible thirst, and an extremely general and promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans;
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

VII.

Now, how this gentleman got home is neither here nor there,
But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-seven pirates, and fiercely combed his hair;
And after he got safely home, they say he took an oath
That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards, and, moreover, for want of decent advisers, he forswore whisky and women both;
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

VIII.

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and King,
And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office, or some other equally comfortable thing;
But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,
He fell among thieves again, and could not win a bet whether he coppered it or not, so his cash was bound to go—
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

IX.

So when his moneys all were gone, he took unto his bed,
And Dr. Reyburn physicked him, and the chambermaid, who had a great affection for him, with her arm held up his head;

And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him adieu,
And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know at all, and didn't care
a damn if he didn't, came praying for him too;
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

x.

They closed his eyes and laid him out all ready for the tomb,
And merely to console themselves they opened the biggest kind of a game of
faro right there in his own room;
But when he heard the checks, he flung the linen off his face, and sung out,
just precisely as he used to do when he was alive, "Prindle, don't turn!
hold on! I go twenty on the king, and copper on the ace!"
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

The Dead Confederacy.

Pale, stark and cold she lies in utter silence,
No more to rise up from that deathly swoon,
To weeping States that whisper in great anguish,
"Dead, dead, so soon."

Ah! mourn for her with tender love and pity,
Ye men that strove to lengthen out her years!
A little child grown old and gray with sorrow,
Demands your tears:

A little child with blood upon her ringlets,
A faded banner wrapping her tired arms,
Bruised feet that faltered in the sweet revealing
Of Freedom's charms.

Hushed into mute and reverent emotion,
The people pass beneath the heavy skies,
Knowing, to-day nor yet upon to-morrow,
Will she arise:

Arise, to spread her banner in rejoicing,
To beckon honor from the waiting years!—
Who hints of faults, with every stain upon her
Washed out in tears?

The faulty idol of a faulty people,
Who loved her better that her faults were theirs,
Who see her deaf, blind, dead to all perfection,
The Future bears.

As dead as those who sought to be her armor,
Who held their hearts as shields 'twixt her and
death,
And died to cherish into fuller being,
The infant breath.

Strong hearts, that in the rush and roar of battle,
Poured out their noble blood like holy wine,
Wasting its wealth and richness on a broken
And blasted shrine:

A blasted shrine, yet even in its blighting
Crowned with the homage of a million hearts,
Whose burning tears poured out the last libation
That Love imparts.

A faded hope, yet fairer in its fading
Than Victory's temples reared above the dead,
Aud sweeter, blasted, faded, broken, than rich
incense
For Conquests shed.

Pale, pale she lies; the Autumn cometh gently
And clasps its crimson fingers round her feet,
And throws a golden spell upon the forest,
As is most meet.

It is most meet that one who died in childhood,
Who smiled upon us from the purple West,
Should take amid the crimson and the golden
Her final rest.

All cold she lies; the Spirit of the winter
Hushes the careless river at her side;
'Tis well, we think, that thus should sleep in silence
A People's pride.

She lieth still; we dare not sing her requiem;
The Western star has faded out of sight,
Like her who was the idol of our worship,
Leaving us night.

PRINCETON, ARK., 1865. VIOLET LEA.

ORA ATQUE LABORA.

(PRAY AND WORK.)

Swiftly flashing, hoarsely dashing,
Onward rolls the mighty river;
Down it hurries to the sea,
Bounding on exultingly;
Still the lesson teaching ever,
Ora atque labora!

Trembling fountains on blue mountains,
Murmuring and overflowing,
Through green valleys deep in hills,
Send down silver brooks and rills;
Singing, while in sunlight glowing,
Ora atque labora!

Onward flowing, ever growing,
In its beauty each rejoices;
While on Night's delighted ear,
Through the amber atmosphere,
Sounds the murmur of their voices,
Ora atque labora!

Archly glancing, lightly dancing,
See its eddies chase each other;
Round old roots they flashing whirl,
Over ringing pebbles curl;
Each one singing to his brother,
Ora atque labora!

Still descending, mingling, blending,
Lo! a broad, majestic river!
Under whose perpetual shocks,
Lofty crags and columned rocks
Shaken, echo as they quiver,
Ora atque labora!

Hoarsely roaring, swiftly pouring
Through tall mountains cloven asunder,
Over precipices steep,
Plunging to abysses deep,
Loud the cataract's voices thunder,
Ora atque labora!

Sunlight shifting, white mist drifting
On its forehead, thence it marches,
Swelled with freshets and great rains,
Shouting through the fertile plains,
Spanned, with aqueducts and arches,
Ora atque labora!

Thus Endeavour striveth ever
For the thankless world's improvement;—
Each true thought and noble word,
By the dull earth though unheard,
Making part of one great movement,—
Ora atque labora!

Work then bravely, sternly, gravely,—
Life for this alone is given;
What is right, that boldly do,
Frankly speak out what is true,—
Leaving the result to Heaven,
Ora atque labora!

ALBERT PIKE.

AUTUMN.

It is the evening of a pleasant day,
In these old woods. The sun profusely flings
His golden light through every narrow way
That winds among the trees: His spirit clings
In orange mist around the snowy wings
Of many a patient cloud that now, since noon,
Over the western mountain idly swings,
Waiting when night-shades come, alas! too soon,
To veil the timid blushes of the virgin moon.
The trees with crimson robes are garmented,
Clad with frail brilliance by the wrinkling frost;
For the young leaves that Spring with beauty fed,
Their greenness and luxuriance have lost,
Gaining new beauty at too dear a cost,—
Unnatural beauty, essence of decay.
Too soon, upon the harsh winds wildly tossed,
Leaving the naked trees ghost-like and gray,
These leaf-flocks, like vain hopes, will vanish quite away.

How does your sad, yet calm, contented guise,
Ye melancholy autumn solitudes!
With my own feelings softly harmonize;
For though I love the hoar and solemn woods,
In all their manifold and changing moods,
In gloom and sunshine, storm and quietness,
By day, and when the dim night on them broods,
Their lightsome glades, their deep, dark mysteries,
Yet a sad heart best loves a still, calm scene like this.

Soon will the year, like this sweet day, have fled,
With swift feet speeding noiselessly and fast,
As a ghost speeds to join its kindred dead,
In the dark realms of that mysterious Vast,
The shadow-peopled, vague and infinite PAST.
Life's current downward flows, a rapid stream,
With clouds and shadows often overcast,
Yet lighted by full many a sunny beam,
Of happiness, like sweet thoughts in a gloomy dream.
Like the brown leaves our loved ones drop away,
One after one, into the dark abyss
Of sleep and death; the frosts of trouble lay
Their withering touch upon our happiness,
Even as the hoar-frosts of the Autumn kiss
The green life from the unoffending leaves;
And Love, and Hope, and Youth's warm cheerfulness,
Flit from the heart;—Age lonely sits and grieves,
Or sadly smiles, while Youth his day-dream fondly weaves.

Day draweth to its close: Night cometh on:
Death, a dim shape, stands on Life's western verge,
Casting his shadows on the startled sun,
A deeper gloom that seemeth to emerge
From endless night. Forward he bends, to urge
His eyeless steeds, fleet as the tempest's blast;
Hark! hear we not Eternity's grave surge,
Thundering anear? At the dread sound aghast,
Time, pale with frantic terror, hurries headlong past.

1842. ALBERT PIKE.

IN MEMORIAM

ALBERT PIKE

Born, December 29, 1809.
Died, April 2, 1891.

"The friendships sealed in younger days
Still firm and faithful last,
And newer friendships brighten in
The Light of Days long past."

With the compliments of

Frederick Webber,

Secretary-General.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1893.

The Poem which, of all others, has made the name of ALBERT PIKE immortal has been changed slightly by him, at least once since it was first published, and the verses rearranged. Thinking some of his old friends and brethren might like to have it as originally published, I now present it to them. The verses which he desired to be considered as the Poem since 1872 are printed in *italics*. I also add one verse which *he* never did publish, and which, I trust, will enhance its value.

Republished by request, February 23, 1898.

EVERY YEAR.

The Spring has less of brightness,
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do Summer flowers quicken,
Nor Autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken,
Every year.

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying,
Unto weary Autumns' sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year;
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigns me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the Loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
"Every year."

Too true!—Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its Morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

Our life is less worth living,
Every year;
And briefer our thanksgiving,
Every year;
And Love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Averts its eyes forgetful,
Every year.

Song.

"AFTER THE MIDNIGHT COMETH MORN."

[FOR SEÑORITA CAROLINA CASSARD.]

The Years come, and the Years go,
And the leaves of life keep falling,
Carrie! falling;
And across the sunless river's flow,
With accents soft, and whispers low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Carrie! calling;
While Autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky, like cares:—
But the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years wake and the Years sleep,
And the Past is full of sorrow,
Carrie! sorrow;
The thoughtless laughs and the thoughtful weeps.
And each the fruit of his folly reaps,
For To-day is the Fate of To-morrow,
Carrie! to-morrow;
But new loves tempt us to forget
The old, and old friends love us yet:
So the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years laugh, and the Years sigh,
But the flowers for you are blowing,
Carrie! blowing;
As Girlhood's days go dancing by,

And Womanhood's blithe May is nigh,
With hopes and fancies glowing,
Carrie! glowing;
While Love his nets for you prepares,
And lurks to catch you unawares:—
And the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

The Years live and the Years die,
And all they touch they sadden,
Carrie! sadden;
But still the heart can time defy,
Hope still with purple flush our sky,
And sober friendship gladden,
Carrie! gladden;
And well as we have loved before,
In Autumn we can love once more:—
For the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the Midnight cometh Morn.

January, 1870.

SONGS.

Wear Autumn's chilly winds complain,
And red leaves withered fall,
We know that Spring will laugh again,
And lay and flower recall.

But when Love's saddening Autumn wears
The hues that death presage,
No Spring in Winter's lap prepares
A second Golden Age.

So when Life's Autumn sadly sighs,
Yet smiles its cold tears through,
No Spring, with warm and sunny skies,
The soul's youth will renew.

Love blooms but once and dies—for all;—
Life has no second Spring:
The frost must come, the snow must fall,
Loud as the lark may sing.

O Love! O Life! ye fade like flowers,
That droop and die in June;
The present, O! too short, is ours;
And Autumn comes too soon.

The Light of Days Long Past.

1

Our afternoon of life has come,
Its darkening hours are here;
The evening shadows lengthen,
And the night is drawing near;
To some the sky is bright, to some
With clouds is overcast;
But still upon our Present smiles
The Light of Days long past.

2

The Autumn of our life is here,
Its summer flowers are dead;
But still the wine-cup hath its charm,
And young lips rosy-red.
What though the river to the sea
Runs steadily and fast?
Upon its shifting waves still smiles
The Light of Days long past.

3

We meet here as we met of old,
The songs then sung to sing;
And care and sorrow to the winds
Defiantly we fling:
Unchanged by time and circumstance,
Our noon-day friendships last,
And on our narrowing circle smiles
The Light of Days long past.

A LAMENT FOR DIXIE.

[*Written to be sung by* MISS MATHILDE F. DIMITRY.]

Southrons, conquered, subjugated,
Mourn your country devastated!
Mourn for hapless, hopeless Dixie!
Homes once happy, desolated,
Church and altar desecrated;
Mourn for fallen, ruined Dixie!—
Lament the fall of Dixie!
Alas! Alas!
On Dixie's land we'll sadly stand,
And live or die for Dixie.
Endure! Endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!
Endure! Endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!

Mourn your dead whose bones lie bleaching,
Courage to the living teaching;
Wail, but still be proud, for Dixie!
Mourn your Southland, crushed and trampled,
Bearing sorrows unexampled;
Wail, but still be proud, for Dixie!
Lament, &c.

Prey despoiled and victim bleeding,
Not to man for mercy pleading,
Unto God alone cries Dixie:
Cross of anguish bravely bearing,
Crown of thorns submissive wearing,
Lament, &c.

All our States lie fainting, dying,
Each to each with sobs replying,
Each still loving, honoring Dixie:
By the accurst scourge lacerated,
By her freed slaves ruled and hated,
She is still our own dear Dixie.
Lament, &c.

Dear to us our conquered banners,
Greeted once with loud hosannas;
Dear the tattered flag of Dixie:
Dear the fields of Honour glorious.
Where, defeated or victorious,
Sleep the immortal Dead of Dixie.
Lament, &c.

Conquered, we are not degraded,
Southern laurels have not faded;
Mourn, but not in shame, for Dixie!
Deck your Heroes' graves with garlands,
Till the echo comes from far lands,
"Honour to the Dead of Dixie!"
Lament, &c.

All is not yet lost unto us,—
Baseness only can undo us;
Mourn,—you cannot blush,—for Dixie!
Kneeling at your country's altar,
Swear your children not to falter,
Till the right shall rule in Dixie.
Lament, &c.

If her fate be sealed, we'll share it;
By our shroudless dead we swear it;
Ours the life or death of Dixie!
By her Past's all-glorious story,
By her loyal Martyrs' glory,
We will live or die with Dixie!
Lament, &c.

Shall there to our Night of Sorrow
Be no glad and bright To-morrow?
Is hope, even, lost to Dixie?—
Every dark night hath its morning,
Long, though, oft, delayed its dawning:
Wait! be patient! pray for Dixie!
Hope for dawn for Dixie!
Endure! Endure!
On Dixie's land we'll fearless stand,
And hope and pray for Dixie.
Endure! Endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!
Endure! Endure!
All ills endure for Dixie!

A. PIKE.

HYMNS
TO THE
GODS